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MATERNAL SKETCHES,

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MATERNAL SKETCHES;

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY ELIZA RUTHERFOORD.

LONDON:

HOLDSWORTH AND BALL,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

M DCCC XXXII.

Harjette and Savill, Printers, 107, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

TO THE HON^{BLE} MRS HOPE,

THIS SMALL VOLUME,

WITH AN APOLOGY FOR THE YEARS THAT HAVE BEEN SUFFERED

TO ELAPSE SINCE IT WAS DISTINGUISHED BY THE UNQUALIFIED

AND PARTIAL PRAISES OF THE LATE HIGHLY TALENTED

AND DEEPLY LAMENTED THOS. HOPE, ESQ.

IS DEDICATED,

WITH FEELINGS OF THE HIGHEST RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

BY

HER OBEDIENT SERVANT,

ELIZA RUTHERFOORD.

857090

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MATERNAL SKETCHES.



C A N T O I.

ANALYSIS OF CANTO I.

THE Poem opens with the feelings of a mother on the birth of her first-born child.—Increasing charms of infancy described.—Contrast between the prince and cottager in early life; advantages in favour of the latter, as it respects maternal love and watchfulness.—The feelings of one who has been betrayed from the path of virtue, portrayed; the shade that envelopes the destiny of her child.—Return to virtuous love, with all its attendant happiness.

MATERNAL SKETCHES.

O MORNING ! where does thy bright beam impart
So sweet a day-spring to the human heart—
Where does thy golden ray of light diffuse
Such gladness, with its renovating hues—
As in that chamber, where the mother's arms
Cradle her first-born, in life's opening charms.
Some guardian spirits, softly hovering near,
With gentle wings have swept the wandering tear ;
In shadowy light, a hallowed silence keeping,
They watch the new-born babe and mother sleeping ;

Till, as she wakes, on that sweet form to gaze,
Gush the o'erwhelming tides of prayer and praise.
A mother's love !—how deep its sacred springs !
There glistening Gratitude unfolds her wings,
And Hope her own celestial colouring throws ;
While all like Paradise the vision glows.

Child of her ardent hope—her anxious fear !
Thy slumber murmurs on thy mother's ear ;
And, O ! what guardian love awakes for thee—
What care, to nurture thy fragility !
Pure as the stream that Nature's fount supplies,
Spontaneous springs of tenderness arise ;
Soft Pity, guardian of thy couch, attends,
And sage Experience at thy pillow bends.
Yet, should o'erpowering Nature these subdue,
Maternal Love her vigil keeps more true ;

In *thy* delicious slumber *she* is blest,
No opiate can ensure so sweet a rest,
And e'en when sleep controls her passive sense,
Light visions guard thy couch of innocence.
Thy holydays, sweet babe ! shall Friendship grace,
And Love enfold thee in her fond embrace ;
Delighted Youth shall bear thee on her knee,
Proud of the burden of thy infancy :
Then friendly converse shall the hours beguile,
And gossip tales awake the cheering smile.

Rich in the basket's beautiful array,
Thy baby robes the choicest art display ;
The sempstress there has plied her task for thee,
In all the needle's light embroidery :
Here the rich flower, and there the twining stem,
The snowy roses, and the lace-worked hem :

The toilet ornament, with motto drest,
Bears the fond wish in flowery verse exprest
And kind congratulations, far and near,
With thy young charms salute her favoured ear.

Sweet are the pageants of thy morning hour,
Child of affection—snow-drop of the bower !
Soft are the balmy gales on thee that play—
Pure as the breath of summer's calmest day.

Yet dearer interests shall pervade her breast,
New beauties win her, and new charms arrest :
The breath of innocence—the murmuring voice,
That seems with new-born transport to rejoice,—
To ask communion, pleasure to impart,
And waken echo in that tender heart.

The grateful offices of love are paid
By her own hand ; in careless beauty laid
Upon her lap, from dress and bondage free,
He pours his first wild song to liberty ;
Moves the young limbs, with vigour newly found,
And tries at length the eloquence of sound ;
Fixes his eye, and asks the answering tone,
Now soft, now loud, in measure all his own.

Then shall her soothing numbers, floating near
His dreamy pillow, lull his slumbering ear,
While, in the beauty of serene repose,
On her loved form his drooping eyelids close.

See !—at the magic of a sound, that eye
Darts all its force of love and ecstasy,—

Distinctions none, save that soft voice alone
That vibrates to the heart its silver tone.
Each varying form and colour on that sight
Unnoticed blends, in harmony of light ;
Save this, all other fairer forms above,
Robed in its own celestial garb of love.

Look at the gilded plaything, brought to lure
And tempt him from a spot he deems secure ;
He turns a moment with delighted eye,
And eager hand, its feeble force to try ;
Then back again he starts, with quick alarms,
And slights the glittering bauble's idle charms.

Hark to that tender melody of tone,
When his young accents imitate her own !

No harmony can equal bliss impart
To that soft echo in his mother's heart ;
And still she hears, with ever fresh surprise,
Some new succession of sweet sounds arise :—
First the lov'd name, and then the fond farewell,
Till he has learned each rising wish to tell.

See ! when his tender frame in sickness fades,
And fever parches, and disease invades,
Her eye, unclosed, untired, its vigil keeps,
She rocks his cradle—listens while he sleeps,
Cheers when he wakes, with love's creative wiles,
Paid by his fond caress and tearful smiles.

The first faint step he makes in life's rude way,
Her eye his polar star—*her* hand his stay,—

Lured by that beck'ning hand and gentle tone,
He feels his safety in her look alone.

Poor Child of Royalty!—Thy fate I mourn,
If from this friend and loved protectress borne,
Yon infant, on the harvest sheaf at rest,
Watched by the faithful dog, is far more blest;
For his poor mother's tender thought may shed
A glance protecting o'er his russet bed,
While, soothed by Nature's breath, he lies at ease,
Sheltered from harm, and nurtured by the breeze.

But, Oh! unhappy she, whose heart shall prove
The fond excitements of a mother's love,
To whom this sacred feeling must impart
The dreadful desolation of the heart;

Whose new-born cares excite the fevered glow,
And dash her pleasures with severest woe;
On whom no voice connubial sheds delight,
The anxious hours of sickness to requite;
Whose fearful dream of momentary joy,
Is shadowed with Reflection's deep alloy;
The days of happiness, and spotless fame,
The cherished melody of Virtue's name,
The smile approving, that awoke delight,
The peace by day, the sound repose by night,
All—all—does Memory's fitful dream restore,
Only to tell her they exist no more.
The poisoned arrow, rankling in her breast,
Has murdered innocence, has startled rest;
On—on—through the dim future thought would glide,
Till backward flung * * * * *
* * * * * By the dark brow of Pride,

That mournful stigma, sheds on *him* its stain,
And the devotedness of Love is vain.
Oh ! might she shield him ! but it cannot be,
What art can shun that fatal obloquy ?
In lonely glades, with *him*, with *him* alone,
She would retire, unfriended and unknown ;
But *there* the sorrow still to be renewed,
The *one* deep source of grief, that must intrude,
Even at the artless mention of *her* name,
To paint his youthful cheek with burning shame.
Where is the parent that should train his youth,
Sanction *her* precepts, stamp *her* words with truth ?
Where is the counsellor, the friend, the guide,
Who o'er his youthful conduct should preside ?
Ah ! hush the bitter thought !—forbear, forbear
To touch the hidden spring of anguish there.

Oh ! widowhood most dreadful ! ne'er can she
Portray departed worth to infancy,
Locked in the silent chambers of her breast,
Her sorrows with their bitter secret rest.
Poor penitent ! thy tears and prayers avail
But little, Rumour circulates the tale,
And these sad wanderings from the path of truth,
Fling a cold mildew o'er the flower of youth.

But turn we now where Love, delighted, showers
His softer transport o'er the winged hours ;
When that sweet vision of enchantment steals,
And its own world of fairy bliss reveals,
Enchanting forms and bright creations move,
And Faith, with cherub pinion, shelters love.

That new-born feeling every thought pervades,
Heightens her joys, her softer moments shades
With more endearing tenderness, and pours
Sweeter communion on the lonely hours.
No trifling cares inflict a transient wound,
Unless they touch *this* consecrated ground,
His joy, *his* comfort, all to *him* allied,
Inspires delight, and all is cold beside
From *him* her weakness gathers its supply,
Her pleasures, ask the sanction of *his* eye;
Life, without *him*, the fruit deprived of bloom,
The day of glow, the zephyr of perfume,
The glade of freshness, evening's dew of balm,
And night's sweet slumbers of their wonted calm.

See! o'er the narrow path of her small sphere
The matron Graces bend,—for ever dear!

And Beauty, Order, Peace, arise to view ;
And Cheerfulness, with charms for ever new,
There Love attends ; and Sympathy, whose art
Extracts, from Sorrow's breast, the rankling dart ;
Truth, Candour, Charity, with open mien,
And gentle Courtesy, with brow serene,
And there, from Pomp and Ostentation free,
With welcome smile, stands Hospitality :
So, on the threshold of her friendly door,
Did ancient Portici her welcome pour,
And still we read the heart-felt trace thereon,
“Salve”^a—sweet sound !—though Guest and Host are
gone.

But chiefly where that little rosy band,
Step above step, in gay confusion stand,

The brighter circle of her tenderer care,
Those all the marks of her affection bear ;
She sees, with quick discernment, and corrects,
With timely wisdom, Temper's harsh defects,
Brings to the level of their infant sense,
Motives of duty and obedience.
No vulgar errors spread their sombre night,
Or false impressions cloud their mental light.
Oh ! blest supremely ! who in Life's young day
Enjoy a parent's care to guide their way.
Virtue in *her* more lovely shall appear,
Truth more exalted, Tenderness more dear,
Wisdom more bright, *more* beautiful shall be,
That stoops to aid their helpless infancy.

Freed from the busy turmoil of the day,
The happy father cheers his homeward way,

Though winter may extend its dreary reign,
And snowy garments clothe the silent plain,
How sweet the contrast of the scene within !
He reaches home, and then his joys begin ;
The tiptoe child there watches his return,
And, on the hearth, the flickering embers burn,
The barking spaniel bounds at that footfall,
Nor waits the music of his master's call ;
While infancy delighted, hails the sound
That sends the gentle thrill of pleasure round,
Spreads forth the little arms its joy to speak,
And breathes its balmy welcome on the cheek.
Sweet 'mid the pleasures of that evening scene
To catch a glimpse the curtains' folds between ;
There on the mirror's surface, while the blaze
Of the bright hearth in streamy lustre plays,

The glowing picture sparkles on the view,
To every changing form and feature true.
Tost on his father's knee, the playful boy,
In mimic horsemanship displays his joy ;
While sportive infancy, on hands and feet,
Moves o'er the carpet to enjoy the treat,
Lifts up the winning brow, and presses near,
Her turn to share in Frolic's gay career.
Soft move the moments, till with play oppressed,
Once more they sink to childhood's peaceful rest.

Then comes the social hour to Friendship due,
Thought's tender interchange, for ever new !
Say—do the spirits sink oppressed with care ?
Sweet home ! thy scenes of tenderness how fair !
How cheering then thy magic taper throws
Its beam of beauty, innocence, repose,

Sheds o'er the drooping heart its softened ray,
And Care's pale train of spectres flits away.

Does commerce harass ! and, with grasping hand,
The sacrifice of time and health demand ?
Called by his country to the senate's strife,
Must he devote the energies of life ?
Be, Love, the guardian spirit of that dome,
To charm the slippered indolence of home ;
Let the domestic board in beauty stand,
Prepared and furnished by Affection's hand,
And Pleasure's renovating fountains play
To dash the gathering sands of care away.
Or if the wearied spirits (tasked no more)
Require the balm of silence to restore,
Dearer than music shall that silence prove,
Hallowed by all the sympathies of Love.

Yes, o'er life's darkest scenes her sacred form
Shall break the bow of Promise in the storm ;
Charm to repose the restless wave of thought,
With peace commissioned, and with comfort fraught.
Trembling and wounded, it is *her's* to cheer ;
Unnoticed she may soothe, unheard endear ;
Trace her in the dark storm of angry skies,
Her star, the harbinger of peace, shall rise :
In the cold winds that chill the opening flower,
Her gentle breath is the reviving power.
O'er the dense clouds of care that thick'ning roll,
Breaks her light wing to renovate the soul ;
Her voice the music of the distant vale,
The pipe that flings enchantment on the gale,
The evening breeze, to fainting nature given,
Charged with the very breath and balm of heaven.

MATERNAL SKETCHES.



CANTO II.

ANALYSIS OF CANTO II.

COTTAGE scene described, with the efforts of a widowed mother for her orphans.—Contrast between the slumber of sorrow and of prosperous guilt.—Maternal anticipations.—Dante; Tasso; allusions to their early years.—The maternal influence after death illustrated in the last scenes of the lives of Gustavus and Essex.—The limited sphere of maternal love in the manly character.—Orphanacy described.—An appeal to an elegant writer of the present day, for the titles *Mother Country* and *Mother Tongue*.

CANTO II.

WHAT feeble taper lights that cottage pane,
When silent midnight holds her solemn reign,
And from her crescent throne Night's gentle queen
Smiles in transparent beauty on the scene ?
There the poor mother, for her orphan train,
Urges the fainting springs of life again ;
Till every means of struggling virtue fail,
And to the parish board she tells her tale.

Returning late at eve, this effort past,
Tears lend their luxury to grief at last ;

Beneath the cloak's scant covering rests a boy,
Whose infant cheek is bright with life and joy ,
At every stormy impulse of the sky,
He clasps her close, and feels security.
The autumn wind blows o'er that faded form ;
But in that breast, the ravage of a storm
More bleak, more cold, than winter's sternest wrath,
Makes her unconscious of the gloomy path.

Yes! there's a balsam in this rugged scene,
The charm of peace, where trembling fear has been,
Of healing, where the inquirer's voice has probed,
A wound that Sorrow in her mystery robed;
And the wild winds of this autumnal eve
A garment fold of soothing pity weave.
Nature her guardian seems,—God is her friend,—
And o'er her soul the sacred balms descend ;

Like desert streamlets to the wearied given,
Charged with the renovating dew of heaven.

O, Nature ! when to thy fond breast we flee,
We own the mother all revealed in thee.
Yes,—thou art dear in childhood and in prime,
To every heart that is unseared by crime;
In joy, in sorrow, thou art still the same :
And, “ Come, poor wanderer ! ” thy sounds proclaim,
“ For you I’ll shed my vesper’s healing dew,
And wake the music of my choir for you ;
On summer evening’s azure brow I’ll weave
My glorious visions that shall ne’er deceive ;
Lift my pale crescent, light my peaceful star,
To guide the pilgrim’s lonely steps afar ;
And whisper, ’mid the world’s commingled sound,
‘ There *is* a land where perfect peace is found.’ ”

See ! round that fire, where crackling faggots burn,
The orphans wait their mother's slow return ;
Busied with lightsome heart, in frolic play,
Some wile the tedious lonely hours away ;
But one, with anxious eye, stands by that door
And lifts its latch, and looks across the moor ;
Hears, with a trembling heart, each gust that blows ;
Then mournfully beholds the daylight close.
Yet, hark ! her welcome footstep, " Mother dear !"
Sweet sound ! of comfort to her pensive ear :
Some press for evening's scanty supper meal,
While that fair girl, whose heart has learned to feel,
Reads with mute look the mother's anxious eye,
And soothes her cares with gentle sympathy.

The storm is o'er,—the tranquil hour is come :
No more is heard the children's busy hum,

Nought, save the broken sound of starting child
Chasing, in airy dreams, the moor-fowl wild,
Or constant sound of clock that told the hours
In happier days, when music's softest powers
Hung on its silver tones and cuckoo chime,
And Hope's gay garland wreathed the brow of Time.
Then it was prized, nor e'er has ceased to be,
Its simple click appears like company ;
And when the heart has sorrow's influence proved,
The simplest things in happier hours beloved,
Like fond associates of a scene gone by,
Connect the golden links of memory.
Again it chimes !—and faltering Nature sighs
For the sweet opiate Poverty denies.
Angel of sleep !—from thy still sphere descend,
And the torn spirit comfort and attend :

Though for the brow of Guilt thy poppy brings
The envenomed anguish of the scorpion's stings :
Yet, on misfortune's child, thy healing powers
Fall as the dew that shuts the fainting flowers,
And give the wearied soul delicious calm,—
A truce to sorrow,—to disease a balm.
No sleep like this did Orloff's^b pillow crown,
Though flowery damask swathed the eider down ;
Though gentle sounds to tranquil rest allured,
And veteran bands of warrior chiefs secured ;
In vain had power and wealth conspired to bless,—
Conscience had dashed the cup of proud success.
Still deafened in his ear the mournful prayer
“ I am defenceless Orloff!—Spare ! O, spare ! ”
That withering ray (the glazing eye balls' light)
Scared him by day, broke on his sleep by night,

Till harassed Reason her proud seat resigned,
And left, to shapes of ill, that guilty mind.

But, Oh ! the sacred silence of that scene,
Where infant beauty sleeps, with brow serene ;
How light on him the curtain shadows fall ;
The slanting sunbeams gild the distant wall,
And with the shade that midnight hours bestow,
Blend all the luxury of daylight's glow,
So soft !—so beautiful !—so still !—so fair !
Bright cherub bands seem hovering in the air,
And o'er that cradle bower their charms dispense,
To guard the slumbering hours of innocence.
Beside that lulling cot, with watchful eye,
The mother bends in silent ecstacy,
While castled visions fill the pensive mind,
Where Hope enchanted, revels unconfined.

Oh ! wake him not !—nor dissipate that dream
That pours effulgence on life's slender stream.
Oh ! tell her not !—that mingling in the strife,
The cold perplexities, and toils of life,
His gentle breast, whose softly slumbering sigh
Breathes, like the evening zephyr's lullaby,
Conflicting passion's angry rush shall know,—
Care's withering blight, and Anger's fevered throe,
That *he* shall droop, and *she* no longer aid.
Oh ! tell her not, sweet Hope ! in smiles arrayed
Spread thy light mantle o'er the distant scene,
And veil, with loveliest flowers, the space between.
Weave—weave for her thy fairy web of light,
Thy warp with every changing colour bright;
Let the heart's pictures thy fair hands employ,
And gem the piece with clustering buds of joy.

Truth shall not dim thy beauteous task, nor shower
One dark'ning tint on fairy land or bower :
There, round his rocking bed, thy curtain fling,
And pillow his soft cheek beneath thy wing.

O'er Dante's ^e birth the morning vision smiled,
And Joy, in her light cradle, rocked the child,
Hung her gay drapery round his infant bed,
And screened the fiend of faction from his head.
Ruin and Grief—Reproach and Banishment,
To that sweet scene no sombre tinges lent ;
Florence disowned him not, when, proud to save,
Ravenna gave her noblest guest a grave ;
But in the splendour of that passing shade,
Glory and Immortality arrayed.

Bard of Jerusalem! ^d 'twas Sorrow's spell,
That gave thy lyre its first melodious swell.
Well might thy mother's grief, at parting shew,
Thy future wrongs, thou gifted child of woe!
And *her* sad tears, prophetic of thy lot,
Bedew thy brow, when sleeping in thy cot.
What—though no splendours mark thy humble tomb,
There, shall the citron shed its fragrant bloom;
Thy song, thy glorious epitaph shall be,
And Nature weep, o'er “Ossa Tassoni!”

Immortal genius! thou may'st soar sublime,
And wing, thy noble thoughts to distant time,
Through beings' wondrous chain, thy power prolong,
Inspire with sentiment, and cheer with song.
Ages shall sink in Time's eternal night,
Nor leave a shadow in their rapid flight,

Empires, and names of glory, blaze and fade,
Swept by Oblivion's darkling wing of shade ;
But Time,—who blots the line, and mars the stone,
Keeps the sweet music of thy name alone.

So—just to the fond memory of *that* name,
When life no more her guardian care may claim,
In sorrow's hour, the mother's shade shall come,
Winged by affection, from her heavenly home ;^d
Burst on the eye, with seraph lustre bright,
Arrest in error, and allure to light.

Ah ! to the imperial dome of Sweden turn,
See—pale Ambition, bleeding o'er her urn.
Beneath the traitor's hand, Gustavus lies,
And in the noon of fame, and manhood dies ;

There, gaze on fallen majesty's frail wreck.
No lofty trophies, those pale temples deck.
Drops—heavy drops—the dew's of anguish come,
And shuddering Nature, antedates her doom.
Those brows, with manhood's noble lines engraved,
And where, so late, the flames of glory waved,
Are all eclipsed. * * * * *

 * * Hark ! to that heavy groan,
Succeeded by the low, and faltering tone,
Of deep remorse.

 “My mother, had I stayed
By thy advice, treason had ne'er betrayed.
Even to this body's torture I'm resigned,
But keener anguish racks my fevered mind.
In war, in tumult, I have challenged Death,
Till Conscience seared me with her sulph'rous breath.”

Page. Sire, the Count Armfelt begs an interview

One moment.

King. Ah ! my moments are but few,

And anguish speeds them to the destined goal,

Can he avert the ruin of my soul?

Again with sophist reasoning betray,

And drive these sad realities away.

But, I forgive *him*, tell him *I forgive*,

O ! that like him, I might repent and live.

Strange ! that I should have rushed upon my fate,

Defied the arm of Heaven and human hate.

[*To the Chaplain.*] Yes, Sir ! I need your prayers, no

more defer :

The world I've worshipped is no comforter,

Wait *not* for utterance of prayer from *me*,

I never prayed, since by my mother's knee.

Dark Infidelity has been *my* nurse,
And prayer of mine, would only bring a curse."

"O, Charles! my anxious, trembling soul must rest,
With all the horrors of its fate possess.

Yet ask, Are there *no* means to grasp at life?

I shrink not from the adventurer's hand, the knife:

But it is vain,—those starting tears declare.

Well then, with fortitude, I will prepare

To say farewell, to bid my last adieu;

Yet, Charles! I thought not *thus* to part from you;

Nay! look not on me—

Pain has ploughed my brow

And withered up my soul,

Yet, ask them now,

How long my life *can* last;

Till sunset! what,

Does it so hasten?"

[*To the Surgeon.*] Sir, I tremble not

At the keen anguish of this mortal strife,
But I have much to do, and cling to life;
If art affords you but one hope, to give
Life, though in torture, then I seek to live;
For I had hoped, had—had——”

The faltering breath

Struggled in vain against the grasp of death ;
Back—back on life, the startled spirit flew,
But closed for *ever* was each avenue.

So, when the deeds of Essex dared the law,
Nor e'en that royal pledge could mercy draw,
In the lone cell, his mother's hymns of love
O'er memory came, like music from above;
Then, those pure counsels, which had long been hushed
While fortune flattered, and ambition flushed,
Rose, unsubdued by time, and breathed their balm
In that last conflict, to support and calm ;

Time's heavy wave had o'er his bosom rolled,
But left in Memory's sands those grains of gold.

Maternal Love! it is thy sacred part,
To mould the young affections of the heart;
In joy's sweet season, in the leisure hour,
Thy voice shall win, by soft persuasion's power;
Give to the flitting visions of the mind
A virtuous object, or a thought refined;
Awake the energies of life, that rest
Perchance too long inactive in the breast;
The reason elevate, the hopes controul,
And heavenward wing the wishes of the soul.
The wandering purpose, and the erring will,
May need the ceaseless efforts of thy skill:
Ere passion plead for mast'ry in the breast,
Or vice shall lure, or artifice arrest,

Thy counsels may a treasury supply,
When the dark foes of innocence are nigh.
Then, like a beacon on a rocky strand,
Shall love maternal raise her sacred wand.

How fair his beauteous hours of youthful prime,
When silvery pinions wing the flight of time,
And life is one bright summer's day, whose sky
Is cloudless azure, save that floating by
Light clouds are seen, like islands of the blest,
As sunset draws her shadows o'er the west ;
And dewy sleep from his sweet censor flings,
O'er that fair brow, dreams of unearthly things.
Then, in those shades he wanders, by thy side,
At once his mother's guardian, friend, and guide ;
Imbibes the counsel thy fond lips impart,
And pours his open confidence of heart.

As some pure crystal stream the picture lends
Of every spray that o'er its surface bends,
So, in thy heart revealed, his pleasures rise,
And love's pure fount reflects its sympathies.

O ! shorten not those brief, those blissful hours ;
The world too soon shall call him from her bowers,
The lamp of science guide to scenes less fair,
Or interest mar the joys depicted there,
Or glory's meteor tempt his steps afar
To the tempestuous scenes of strife and war.
Forgive her tears ; she seeks not to detain,
But round his heart would clasp affection's chain—
Cling with a mother's fond devotion still,
And only ask to mitigate each ill.

The parent eagle o'er her young will bend,
And every murmur of the nest attend,

Till the broad wings are plumed for rapid flight,
And the dark eye thirsts for its flood of light :
Then, in that azure track, she sees him mount,
To drink the day-spring from its golden fount,
Fondly admiring, marks his upward way,
His pinions flashing in the burning ray,
And, glorying in his dawn of proud success,
Is over-paid her ceaseless tenderness.

But sad the scene, when, life's sweet dawn o'ercast,
Some lonely blossom meets the world's rude blast.
Observe yon orphan child ! who never knew
The fond caress to infant weakness due—
Who never felt the shelter of *that* claim,
Nor breathed the heavenly music of *that* name—
Whose childish griefs were passed unheeded by,
Whose slender joys were doomed to bud, and die—

On whose sad dawn no fostering sunbeam play'd,
Rocked in the storm, and nurtured in the shade

Or gaze on yonder group ! whose garments shew
The sable badge of orphanancy and woe ;
Yet smiling cheeks, and playful tones, declare
A blest unconsciousness of suffering there ;
Perchance, on one, a trace like grief may seem,
Some dark'ning shape has crossed the infant dream—
The mournful hearse has met her timid eye,
'The whispered sorrow drawn her sympathy ;
And 'mid the silent mystery Pity keeps,
Her youthful heart its frail desertion weeps,
In transitory grief, as memory brings
Soft gleams of past, endearing, tender things.
Beside that hearth there stands a vacant chair—
That lonely room has lost its welcome air ;

The moving spirit of delight is gone,
And vacancy is all they gaze upon.
The echoing footfall, which they knew so well,
The silver summons of that parlour bell,
No longer give affection's gladdening thrill—
That bell is silent, and that echo still.
No more they wait the parting kiss to share,
Or clasp her knee, to lisp the evening prayer ;
The hand that draws their curtain stays not then,
To give to cautious love one look again.
No voice shall now its tenderness essay,
To hide the follies of youth's buoyant day ;
No partial love the venial failing hide,
Or err a moment on affection's side.
A friend, less tender, now their claims shall aid,—
Less prompt to warn,—less urgent to persuade,—

Less firm to counsel,—and less kind to share
Youth's transient sorrow and its early care.

Oh! thou soft name !^g—through every varying clime
To infancy the pleasure pealing chime ;
E'en savage nations thy wide influence own,^h
And lend the stranger Love's delicious tone :
Earth bears thy tender image, and her breast
Welcomes, like thine, the sorrowing child to rest ;
In her maternal arms divisions cease,
And the soft breathing of her voice is peace.
On *her* fond breast peasant and prince reclined,
Find her an equal mother of mankind.
Would pomp attempt to violate her claim,
The balm that keeps the dust, destroys the name.
Grandeur, in her colossal work, is hid ;
And sorrowing Pride mourns o'er her pyramid.

And, Oh! when doomed in distant lands to roam,
Far from his native bowers, his childhood's home,
Breaks on the exiled patriot's lonely ear,
The melting music of that land so dear ;
That carol, which in stripling years he sung,
Fraught with the magic of his mother tongue.
Wealth, Pomp, and Power, with all their charms are
gone,

Give him the breeze from his sweet vales alone.

Then still for *her* that sacred title spare,ⁱ

And let his country *her fond image* bear ;

Still let the speech that nature first imparts,

Rivet *her name* upon her children's hearts.

Thee ! Thee ! shall higher honours far attend,

His father, guardian, counsellor, and friend ;

His name, his *wealth*, his *power*, depend on *thee* ;

'Tis *thine*, to shape his future destiny,

To guide his onward steps in life's career ;
Then spare, O spare for her ! those claims so dear,
His "*mother country*," and his "*mother tongue*,"
Where Love her strongest talisman has hung,
To lure his footsteps to his native shore,
And the sweet memory of the past restore ;
Once more, mid strains of glory, interest, power,
To waft the music of his native bower ;
And who shall sound's mysterious influence tell ?
Or shew the wondrous magic of that spell,
Its power to charm, to gladden, to renew,
O'er the heart's faded flowers, life's morning dew ?
And when the silvery springs of hope are dry,
Who—Who—shall check maternal love's supply ?
Then, O ! in pity to her weakness, spare
The land and language which her image bear !

MATERNAL SKETCHES.



CANTO III.

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ANALYSIS OF CANTO III.

THE widow's son, a tale.—Allusion to the errors of false tenderness, illustrated in the tale of Zelucca.—Tributes paid to maternal love by West, Haydn, Sir John Moore, and Napoleon.—Anecdote of Smollett.—Ransom of Cervantes, through the intercession of his mother.

CANTO III.

IN that lone hamlet, o'er whose branching trees
The light smoke plays, as scattered by the breeze ;
Where thick'ning groves conceal the village green,
Save some brown rustic thatch, that steals between,
When the eye, roving over vale and wood,
And rocky height, and darkly dashing flood,
(And distant mountain, fading in the grey)
Hails its calm shelter at the close of day.

Close by the green, just turning near the brook,
A cot is seen, within a shady nook ;

Its garden plat with scented briar bound,
And the low porch with woodbine clasping round ;
There in its lattice bloomed each choicer flower,
Securely sheltered from the summer shower ;
High o'er the path the blushing roses hung,
The scented pea her balmy fragrance flung,
And neat-trimmed daisy op'd her crimson eye,
And formal pink, and flaunting piony.
Still let me trace that garden's simple store,
When her gay dress of summer pomp she wore :
The jasmine, with its snowy cheek reclined,
Around the porch in verdant beauty twined ;
The scarlet lychnis shone in bloom of fire ;
The white rose trembled o'er the fragrant briar,
Sprinkled with vegetable snow the ground,
And wafted airs ambrosial all around ;

The scented lavender, for linen's fold,
With balm, and thyme, and glittering marigold,
All in confusion gay, as though they vied,
Each with the other, in her beauty's pride ;
Careless of order, of their charms diffuse,
This culled for fragrance, and *that* kept for use.
There the gay butterfly, with golden wing,
Spread to the sun her Indian colouring ;
And, on the broom, the scarlet lady-fly
Loitered awhile, or waved her wings on high.

Down by the plashy brook, whose waters played
In gurgling freshness through the summer shade,
The homied tribe their busy task pursued,
And stored their rushy dome with nectared food.
On high, the purple plum in clusters hung,
And luscious pear her golden fruitage flung,

Twining together knotty branch and root,
And intermingling fragrant flower and fruit.
Through the thick hedge the leveret broke a pass,
And fearless couched upon the silken grass ;
While the shy ring-dove, from her bow'ry seat,
Made many a circuit round this calm retreat.

And, O ! the charm, at daylight's parting ray,
Through the sweet mazes of that plat to stray ;
When, from some covert near, the blackbird's throat
Sent up to Heaven its full mellifluous note,—
In the soft breeze to catch the bean's perfume,
And see the evening primrose ope her bloom.
There, as the happy seasons o'er them smil'd,
Dwelt the lone widow and her orphan child ;
His infant memory could not yield a trace
Of the desertion that once marked that place,

When, in life's fullest energy and pride,
In fever's agony his father died.
He soothed her now, and never mother's care
Was paid by promise of a spring more fair :
His stripling years such generous actions crown'd,
Such flowers of opening beauty blushed around.
But, Ah ! the tree, robed in the pink of spring,
Not always bears its lovely blossoming :
Tired of that hamlet's shade, he sought the town,
Panted for what he fondly deemed renown ;
The dupe of interest, and the tool of art,
He breathed contagion in that busy mart ;
Her scanty savings for a time supplied
The hour of revelry, the act of pride ;
The hoarded trifles, kept with jealous care,
Went, one by one, at his repeated prayer :

She counselled, and *he* promised,—all was done
To lure to virtue's path that wandering son.
She spared his heart its self-reproach, nor said
It was her treasured all, but comforted ;
Told not the means indulgent love designed,
But poured a balsam on his guilty mind.
Years had passed by, and though that humble cot
(His home in happier days) now knew him not,
Pale Sorrow's lingering moments to beguile,
The angel Hope would come with transient smile,
With rosy light about her footsteps gleaming,
With glittering splendours o'er her visions beaming,
Chasing the dark'ning shades of truth away,
And pouring peace upon the coming day.
Till from that wandering child no more she heard,
Though Death itself had trembling Love preferred,

Wild visions pressed upon her sleeping sense,
Fraught with the dreadful phantoms of suspense.

Musing she sat,—it was the evening hour,
The last soft breeze of sunset kissed the flower,
And busy thought, on her excursive wing,
Dwelt on each early hope, now withering;
She brought his hours of infancy to view,
The bird he fondled, and the cart he drew,
His lisping words of fondness, and the thought
With all the magic of affection fraught;
His boyish carol, and that brow, whose light
Sparkled like sunbeams on the Alpine height;
The rapture of his look, the joy of tone,
That woke each heart to gladness with his own;
She saw him, sleeping on that *very* bed,
And Mem'ry's oil the lamp of feeling fed;

She stopped—tears for a moment dimmed her sight ;
She spread her lone repast, and trimmed her light,
Then turned her wheel, as if its hum could chase
Reflection's whispering shadows from the place.

Beside the untasted meal, at midnight's hour,
She plied her task, nor felt the drooping power,
When, through the stillness of the night, she hears
The latchet fall—a knock—and there appears
That long lost son so tenderly deplored,
To the poor mother's sinking heart restored—
“Mother!” he said—

Upon that faltering tongue,
Intreaty, prayer, remorse, arrested hung ;
For the wild tumult of that troubled frame
Gave vent alone to anguish and to shame.

“Ruined and lost, I come to die with *you*.

Forgive me!”—

“O, my child! I do, I do.”

“No, spurn me, for the bitter deeds of sin,

Stamped on my brow, more fearful speak within.

O! had I died upon this threshold, *here*,

Or had that baby cradle been my bier,

You had been spared this meeting, spared the shame,

The dark dishonour of a blighted name.”

He sunk within her arms, and there, opprest

With struggling grief, he sobbed upon her breast.

Yes, home he came to die; prostrate he lay

Upon that pallet; and through night and day

She watched—his fevered palm she fondly pressed,

Fanned his hot brow, or his low pillow drest:

She kissed the tear from his poor, hollow cheek,
When in his broken rest remorse would speak ;
While the parched lip, and the unsheltered eye,
Revealed some restless vision flitting by ;
And, O ! what heavenly ray of comfort broke,
With her fond look of love, as he awoke !

But once in calmer sleep he seemed to be ;
No sound was heard save summer's vagrant bee ;
Beside his bed, from that rude garden bower,
The honied balsams, and the scented flower,
Breathed their perfume ;—'twas noon, the golden beam
Shed through the clustering vine its radiant gleam ;
He seemed to sink in momentary rest ;
One wasted hand an aged Bible prest ;
His cheek was faintly tinged with fever's dye,
Pale the damp brow, and sunk the languid eye ;

'There was a calmer breathing o'er that face,
For Peace had shed her own celestial grace,
And Mercy, from those mournful lines had swept
The tears that penitence and anguish wept.
And he was calm—and she stood watching by,
Till from that breast there broke one gentle sigh;
He turned his cheek, and she the signal knew,
Kissed him, and caught the last expiring view ;
Gently it beamed, all eloquence on *her*,
'Twas dumb expression, not one muscle's stir
Disturbed the feeling ; yet she prest that brow,
With her warm lips, all cold and lifeless now,
Moved not,—as though she feared to break his rest,
Till death in icy stillness stood confest.

One slender lock she saved from those pale brows,
(The only dear memorial death allows ;

O'er the fair features his damp mists may rise,
Bleach the warm cheek, and quench the sparkling eyes;
But at pale Sorrow's moistened eye, and prayer,
Time, with embalming hand, has touched the hair.)
Each little prejudice that he had shewn,
(For sickness gave him many,) was her own;
The friendly converse that might soothe her ear
Seemed an intrusion on his peaceful bier;
The book he read, the page he turned, the chair
That propped his elbow, the impressive prayer
Last on his lips, more sacred now appeared,
By every thought, and look, and sound endeared;
In Mem'ry's ear, they uttered nameless things,
And touched with gentle hand her tenderest springs.

Forsaken mourner ! not alone for thee,
Strikes the stern herald of Eternity !

Widely around his reckless mandates fall,
And his, the russet bier and purple pall.
Princes, like thee, an only child have mourned,
And found more terrible, by pomp adorned,
Death's marble features,—vain such pride to stay
The cherished victim he would call away;
And far less awful shews the lowly bier,
Beggemmed and hallowed by affection's tear.
Oft may'st thou wander to his turfy tomb,
And bid the flowers he loved around it bloom;
There is no pomp of state to crowd *thy* way,
No sculptured mound, a mark for cold decay;
The clustering dew drops in the tiny bell
Of the blue heath flower, mark the spot as well.
He was not faultless—sin's sharp thorns had prest
Those withering temples, ere he sunk to rest;

But when on Danger's rocks, by Passion driven,
The lightning scathed his bark, it came from heaven.
'Then dry thy tears—yet keep his fav'rite toy,
'The book he loved, the pipe that would employ
His vagrant hours of boyhood—let them be
The solitary joys of memory.

Oh! Partial 'Tenderness!^k deplored too late,
Poor child of false indulgence! hard thy fate,—
All wild and vagrant thy young passions grew,
Nor wisdom ever gave them guidance due.
No wonder these should claim the mastery *now*,
Flash in thine eye, or sting the crimsoned brow;
Ah! let thy mother mark the ruin wild
Of her poor wandering, rash, misguided child;
His foundering bark, all tempest driven, see,
No beacon lights illumed that stormy sea;

Now on rude rocks with madd'ning impulse driven,
Now whelmed for ever from the light of heaven !

Not such the guardian of that artist's youth,^l
Whose faithful pencil traced the lines of truth ;
He owned his mother's kiss, the magic spell
That fired his youthful bosom to excel ;
Bathed in its balm, the kindling spirit drew
All the bright scenes that Fancy held to view ;
And when the laurel wreath his brow entwined,
Circling the placid throne of that pure mind,
Proudly he owned *that* fond maternal kiss
Had crowned the moment of his highest bliss.

So *he*, whose magic touch awoke the strain,^m
And brought Creation's notes to earth again ;

Who breathed th' Æolian music of the spheres
Till time stood still, unconscious of his years,
While the harmonious sounds of heaven were blending,
And orbs of light in their bright paths ascending.
Th' enraptured Haydn would recount the hours
When, in the bosom of his native bowers,
Soft at the Sabbath evening's twilight close,
Ere nature lent her season to repose,
Fondly caressing, by his mother's knee,
He joined the hymn of sacred melody,
Caught from her warbling lips the sweet employ,
Read in her looks Devotion's holy joy,
And held entranced in Music's witching spell,
Bade Poverty, and Doubt, and Care farewell.

And, Oh ! when on Corunna's sanguine plain "
The gallant Moore was numbered with the slain,

“ No thought infirm ” that noble spirit moved,
Till Memory turned to her so fondly loved.
“ Say to my Mother ! ”

But that manly frame
Shook with an infant’s sobbing at her name.
Battle and conquest, friends and country, all—
All, to that link of tenderness, was small ;
Nor with that form would bleeding Memory part,
Till the last life drop trickled from his heart.

Yes ! to the latest scenes of life confest,
Her love shall charm the wounded heart to rest ;
When prouder streams have tarried at their source,
And Glory’s brilliant torrent turns its course,
Then, like a fount, her tenderness remains,
Gushing with life o’er the heart’s desert plains.

To the lone exile her fond memory came,
And Music's rapture trembled on her name ;
Feeling the bounds of manly pride o'erleapt,
" Mamma, Letizia ! "

He exclaimed, and wept.

Oh ! could that mother then have seen her son,
Hurled from the heights Ambition's steps had won,
Surveyed the ruin of that daring mind,
Proud, though subdued—indignant, but resigned :
In those lone moments, when Desertion prest,
Might she have soothed that throbbing heart to rest,
Kissed those pale brows where dull and heavy Care
Sat like the demon guardian of Despair,
Folded that form which she in childhood nursed,
And blest with love, tho' Fate and Power had cursed ;
Then o'er that scene in vain dark clouds had rolled,
Her love had gilt their threat'ning lines with gold.

When Smollet came from India's sunny shore^p
 To his own land of rock and flood, once more,
 With fond deceit, he played the stranger's part,
 And sought to cheat his mother's anxious heart.

No trace of her loved boy that mother knew,

For he was fair and delicate of hue,

Had eyes of laughing radiance, golden hair,

A voice of music that made mock at care,

A dimple, * * * * * *

* * * But the sun-burnt stranger smiled,

And in its light the mother found her child,

Gazed through her tears on treach'rous Time's disguise,

And clasped him to her heart in fond surprise.

"I knew thee not, my son, in look or tone,

But, Ah! that roguish smile, it is thy own."

Let the world have thy grave and practised mien,—

Give *me* thy smile, and all my child is seen.

To Zell's lone castle, turreted and grey,
Where tangled winds obstruct the stranger's way,
Matilda^a came, degraded from her throne,
A queen, a mother, then in name alone ;
Though in the conflict of that fatal night
She dared the soldiery to wrest her right,
Grasped her poor babe, till strength, and prayer, and all,
Before that vengeful power were weapons small,
And it was torn asunder from her breast,
The only living thing that could have blessed.

Hours, days, and weeks, with the long months, crept on,
And only brought this balm, that they were gone ;
When a young stranger at that gate was seen,
With tale of hapless sorrow for the queen,
And thus disguised, cautiously held to view
A miniature the startled mother knew.

There, in its infant beauty, her fair child,
With all its helplessness, upon her smiled ;
Perfect the likeness to the dimpled play
That round the coral lips in ambush lay ;
To the bright lock escaped the cap of snow,
That lay in sunny lustre on the brow ;
She gazed in silence—till a gush of grief,
That dimmed its surface, gave her heart relief ;
And from that hour, the gloomy castle wore
A light, a charm, it never knew before.

No dangers can that constant love appal,
Even in its helplessness, above them all ;
Cervantes owned its power to bless and save,
And Spain redeemed her glory in the slave.
Near *Alcala's* green vale, a ruined stone
O'erhangs a gushing spring, whose gentle moan

Makes music o'er its pebbly path, and shews
Its way irriguous, flashing as it goes
To tell the peasant boy that it lies deep
In foliage, where the verdant mosses creep,
And rudely carved initials there appear,
Of *that* proud name which Spanish hearts revere.
Threading those forest paths, gay as the bird,
Cervantes simple song at dawn was heard,
Till, wounded by neglect, he roamed afar,
Amid the sanguine scenes of strife and war;
And his poor widowed mother, through long years,
Nourished the flower of hope with bitter tears;
When news arrived that in the Turkish chain,
Languished the pride and chivalry of Spain.
Then offered ransoms rose on every side,
And she, unaided, poor, unknown, applied

To the high order at Madrid, whose care
Was to redeem the captives from despair,
Five hundred golden crowns—the high demand,
For that young soldier, from his captors' hand ;
At the rapacious sum, her struggling grief,
Too long imprisoned, thus implored relief.

“ Widowed and poor, from Alcala I come ;
All I possessed, I've sold to raise this sum :
O ! send me not away alone to die,
Till I have snatched my child from slavery !
Think not affection blinds me, if I say,
Spain shall redress his wrongs some future day,
And when his woes are o'er, his labours done,
Proudly acknowledge my poor wandering son !
I saw the bloom of his young hopes grow dim
Ere manhood's clearer ray had dawned on him :

Stung with the bitter sense of slight and wrong,
He spurned the gifts of eloquence and song,
Dared all that foreign peril could impose,
And steeled his spirit to its secret woes.
Three hundred ducats, saved through want and pain,
Is all I have to give—but if in vain,
Then I will share his wrongs, (denied redress,)
Drink of the same deep fount of bitterness,
From his poor limbs the torturing chain remove,
Or welcome slavery with the child I love!”

The energy, despair had lent, was gone,
And through that murmur sobs were heard alone,
While Pity on the assembled fathers wrought,
And Mercy gave the ransom that was sought.

MATERNAL SKETCHES.

CANTO IV.

ANALYSIS OF CANTO IV.

ANECDOTE of a German mother, from one of Kotzebue's plays.—Appeal made by the Empress Catherine in behalf of her son, to disguise her ambition.—Address of Maria Theresa to the Hungarian States.—Anecdote of Matilda, Queen of Denmark, while confined in the Castle of Zell.—Reference to the character of Prince Lee Boo.—Allusions to the youth of Alfred the Great, and to the boyhood of Agricola, as illustrative of maternal care.—The Roman mother described.—Conclusion.

CANTO IV.

WHEN barbarous enemies to Naumbourg^s came,
With sword of vengeance, and with threatening flame,
And the poor citizens, to save their land,
Selected from their sons a youthful band,
Arrayed in all the grace of childhood's charm,
To win the pity of that conquering arm ;
A noble bourg'mester, the town to save,
His four fine boys, a solemn offering gave :
They came—but the poor mother rushed before,
“ One !—only one !” she prayed them to restore.

“ But which ? ”

He called them fondly all around.

“ But which ? ”

Re-echoed with a deathlike sound.

“ Give me my youngest,—

Frail and helpless, he ;

But, O ! my first born !

Must I part with thee ?

Why did I crown with vows thy natal morn ?

Would, would to Heaven ! that thou hadst ne’er been
born !

If I have treasured thee too fondly still,

And vainly struggled with this partial will,

It was, perhaps, because that life so dear

Seemed but the prelude to thy mother’s bier ;

For, when thy voice addressed its first faint cry,

Receding thought awoke to ecstacy.

* * But not my *Huon*—

Proud and matchless boy !

His father's idol, and the household's joy.

O ! ere his tones of love and play are hushed,

May this torn heart beneath its woes be crushed.

My Franco !

Ah ! that slender boy to rear,

Has cost this anxious bosom many a tear ;

For him I've watched, and wept, and breathed the pray'r,

And pitying Heaven has deigned awhile to spare ;

Yet, wherefore, in the threat'ning hour, did I

Pray for his life—to send him thus to die ?

No—should the hand of death at last arrest,

The dart must strike him on his mother's breast.'

So Love, imploring, that sad choice delayed,

Till all were summoned, and till all obeyed.

Had Brutus been a mother, in that strife
Indignant Nature had relinquished life,
Spurned the loud claims that thundering Justice made,
Or, self-devoted, rushed upon the blade.
Let proud Macbeth,—creature of Shakspeare's art,—
Play on that page all but the mother's part :
Ne'er did the human heart so monstrous prove,
That ever knew thy power, Maternal Love.
Nations, unblest with Science's lambent flame,
Confess the magic of that tender name.

Queen of the Friendly Isles!—with *fixed* eye
And pensive brow of pale Despondency,
And gentle cheek on thy smooth palm reclining,
And sick'ning heart, the mournful truth divining;
Why dost thou solitary pace that shore,
And listen to the surges' gloomy roar,

And strain the weary sight across the sea
For the tall ship that bore thy child from thee ?
Thy noble Prince Lee Boo, o'er the blue wave,
In the white stranger's land, has found a grave.
The gladdening beams of knowledge and of truth,
For which, with all the enraptured hopes of youth,
He left his native isle, his rushy dome,
And the pure pleasures of that simple home,—
Are all eclipsed in death ! From that far shore,
With wisdom graced, he may return no more
To charm thy heart, to glad thy glistening eye,
And touch the hidden springs of sympathy.
No more shall he the ocean grot adorn,
And waken echo with the playful horn,
Or in his home, when wintry surges swell,
Entwine, with curious art, the polished shell,

Weave the gay plumage of the bird whose wing
Is dyed with Nature's splendid colouring,
Bask in thy smile, and, rapt in wonder, wait
The warrior's counsel in the grave debate ;
Yet in life's latest hour on thee—on thee
He dwelt with dying life's last energy.

O, Catherine !¹ when thy guilt would borrow charms,
Thy hapless infant graced its mother's arms,
And Courage drew his sword in its defence,
And Murder wore the light of Innocence. '
Not so when factious tumults had begun,
Vienna's² empress raised her infant son,
Poured forth, in Nature's eloquence, her prayer,
While list'ning senates hung enraptured there,
Caught the electric language of her eye,
And wept ere the full heart could breathe reply :

Such scenes command the mastery of the soul,
Alike the polished and the rude controul,
Lend to the warrior's sword its energy,
And nerve the soul to conquer or to die.

Go! read the records of that isle, where stand
Proud cliffs, like guardian heroes of the land;
Look through the vista of th' historic page
To the dim legend of her early age;
There dark'ning vices shed their baleful dew,
And loathsome crimes o'ershade the partial view:
Yet still some gleams of verdure meet the eye,
Some spots of beauty and fertility.

The Saxon queen allures her youthful train
To the pure pleasures of her happy reign;

Bids Genius charm them with his sacred ray,
And chase the midnight of the soul away.

In youthful beauty! see that little band
Survey the gilded poems in her hand,*
Whose fairy pictures tempt them to possess,
Won by the splendour of its golden dress.
“ Yet stay, my children!—these bright leaves enfold
More than their precious ornaments of gold;
And he who shall be able to rehearse
The lofty pages of this Saxon verse,
Shall bear away the beauteous prize, and find
More than its worth in an enlightened mind.”

Then those fair virtues dawned with bright display,
Which still o'er Oxford's pile emit their ray,

And well that virtuous queen her care might see
Repaid in Alfred's glorious history.

Go ! where the yellow waves of Tiber play,
And Rome still charms in beauty's cold decay,
Lovely as when from her green hills she rose
Her dower of beauty—source of all her woes ;
Though the despoiler from her brow has torn
Her victor wreath, and marked her form with scorn,
Her shrines defaced, her domes with ruin piled,
Still in that ruin Nature's fairest child.
Pursue her waters in their devious sweep,
Where dome and arch are imaged in the deep ;
There Julia, from the city's pomp away,
Led the fair seasons of youth's vernal day ;
The young Agricola, in stripling pride,
Passed the light years of boyhood by her side,

Caught from her lips, in her sweet actions read,
All that the sage and moralist have said ;
And owned, in buoyant youth's unguarded hour,
Her sacred precepts the protecting power.

When the fond mother of the Gracchi came
To pass an hour with the Campanian dame,
And flagging converse needed gentle aid,
A casket's precious treasures were display'd ;
The slender panel of each splendid door
In high relief a rich intaglio bore ;
Around the centre, columns of sweet wood,
With fairy forms of mimic graces, stood ;
Shelves of the glittering sea-pearl's changing shell
Contained devices in each sep'rate cell :
Reflected in a mirror's dazzling light
It rose, a fairy palace, on the sight.

Beauteous the casket ! but the gems untold,
Which those small doors in slender space enfold.

First a proud portrait,^z chiseled in a ring,
The youthful lover's early offering;
Next, formed of diamond drops, a rich bouquet,
With golden tendrils twining o'er the spray,
On which the light like sparkling fire-flies glanced,
As beauty in the festive throng advanced ;
Then a small talisman, by love designed,
The fond remembrance of an ardent mind,—
A crystal heart, with flowery gold inlaid,
Contained a secret spring, whose touch conveyed
Her lover's name, and vow, for ever there—
In absent hours the charm of all her care.
Apart was seen the gem affection keeps,
When drooping love the absent warrior weeps,

And, to enhance fond solitude's soft woe,
In polished crystal bids the sorrow flow.
But the last precious gift her hand still wore,
A changing ring, by charm engraven o'er ;
Its spell so sure, the talisman so true,
That if he faithless proved, its ruby hue
Would instantaneously decline to white,
And quit its golden rim of pearly light.

So had devoted love his offerings piled
Upon the shrine where female beauty smiled ;
So did proud beauty all her wealth display,
And borrow homage from her rich array.

Viewed, and admired, the owner begged to see
Cornelia's precious store of jewell'ry.

Just then her children from their school arrive,
Adorned with all the charms that youth can give ;
Bounding, they seek that tender mother's care,
Health on their cheeks, and freedom in their air.
Exulting tenderness reveals her joys ;
And, leading in each hand her youthful boys,
“ Behold !” she says, “ my hoarded, choicest store :
These are my jewels, and I ask no more.”

Imperial Rome ! when thy proud eagle flew
O'er half the world, and claimed its tribute due—
Grasping the bolted thunder as it rose,^{aa}
To hurl destruction on its hapless foes ;
When thou wast mightiest, and stood'st forth alone,
In beauty, arts, and arms, no rival known ;
Thy breath the breath of eloquence, thine eye
The soul's bright awful electricity,

Whose ray consumed, ere the hot bolt of war
Shot its red vengeance from the flaming car :^{bb}
Proportion's finest mould, thy noble form—
Thy arm a haven, and thy wrath a storm :
When from thy hills the great, the mighty came,
And nations felt a magic in thy name :—
Then were thy sons to matron skill consigned,
And love maternal formed the youthful mind.
This—this alone !—bade patriotism warm,
And glory captivate, and honour charm,
Inspired their breasts with love of liberty,
Taught them their noble birthright—to be free.
What were the Roman masks or shows to her ?
What the Pantheon's charm, the city's stir ?
The proud cabals of party, or the gay
And festive scenes on Roman holiday ?

See ! by the Appian way,^{cc} where valour sleeps,
And patriot pride the fond memorial keeps,
She wanders, with her youthful sons, to read
High names, enrolled for many a valiant deed.
The infant eye (within whose tender light
Played sportive thought) emits a ray more bright,
And kindling hopes, and brilliant visions glow,
Shading with their deep thought the brow of snow.
She gives the glittering bulla^{dd} its fond charm
Of sacred power to shelter him from harm ;
And when the toga's folds his form invest,
And manhood's hopes swell ardent in his breast,
Then she is near, those breathings to inspire,
And rule or quell ambition's rising fire.

Such was the Roman mother ! So with flowers
She hung life's vestibule, and gave the powers

Of his young mind their energy and scope—
Rome, and her grandeur, bounding every hope.
But higher thoughts inspire the Christian's breast,
With immortality's bright prospect blest;
She asks no splendours to adorn his way
That mock his grasp, and glitter to betray.
The hopes she wakens mingle with the sky,
And light with heavenly ray his destiny:
Like the bright clouds that float on summer even,
Gilding the scenes of earth with tints of heaven.
Her voice his early orison shall teach,
And wake devotion with the lisp of speech;
'That dawn is her's,—so transient and so fair
Ere the rude world may claim admission there,—
It is her own, and *all* that she may claim;
Yet shall it bear through life her sacred aim;

Heaven has itself conferred upon *that* love
A spell, a talisman, all power above.
With his young morning visions bright and fair
Her mem'ry stands, and nothing shall impair
Its sacred influence : life's dark mists may rise,
But cannot dim those tender sympathies.

So did the Romans fix the anxious eye,
And gaze on Phrygia's proud divinity !^{too}
So did the Sibyl orators foretel,
That only through her sway should Rome excel :
Truth claims the beauteous tale by Fiction shewn,
And Grace maternal decks that shapeless stone ;
While bending humbly at *that* sacred shrine,
The Romans own her voice—the voice divine.

My Mother! On that name I love to dwell,
Bound by the sacred influence of its spell :
Thou !—thou hast been the picture of my thought
Through all the mazes of my fancy wrought ;—
In life's sweet dawn, and childhood's morning hour,
Thou wast the guardian spirit of the bower :
Thy presence made the verdant realm, where rose
Gay flowers of bliss, a balm for all our woes ;
There, if a transitory blight was seen,
The breath of Love restored the vernal green,
Joy beat with sportive step the festive ground,
And Pleasure waved her fairy wand around,
And Hope, enraptured, her sweet pictures drew,
For ever beautiful, for ever new,
And, like an angel from the sphere above,
Bent with encircling arms devoted Love.

If since that time a slow disease has preyed,
And thrown o'er life's fair scenes its trembling shade,
Thy love, like some fair star, has shed its light,
With chastened beauty, o'er affliction's night.
May I not pay affection's simple claim,
And weave in this frail line thy honoured name ?

Ye tranquil Paths ! where, with my sister band,
And those dear wanderers in a foreign land,
I spent the happy morning of life's day ;
Back—back to your green haunts I love to stray ;
And while on Memory's glass those scenes arise,
My bosom swells with Life's first sympathies.

Maternal Love !—thy beam, for ever pure,
Through Life's perpetual changes shall endure,

The latest pulse of trembling Nature fire,
And only with the immortal soul retire.
O ! what were life, did not thy tender ray
Beam on its threshold, glitter on its way ?
Fraught in that feeble dawn with sacred power,
'Tis helpless innocency's richest dower ;
Its opening path thy tenderness adorns,
And only there the rose is stripped of thorns.
How lovely still that verdant path appears,
Seen from the steep ascent of after years !
We turn, we gaze on each sweet picture there,
And own that life has nothing half so fair.
Earth is a type, all beautiful, of thee,
And every feature shews affinity :
She tends the lordly cedar in its growth,
And the pale snow drop : mother of them both,

Alike on each *her* renovating dew
The tender influence of their balm diffuse.
Creation's softest features are thy own,
Her sweetest melodies thy tender tone :
And never shall those lines of truth decay,
Till nature fails, and systems fade away.



NOTES

TO

MATERNAL SKETCHES.

NOTE a, p. 13.

“ *Salve*—sweet sound!—though guest and host are gone.”

Les Edifices Publics dans cette ville, même de Pompeii, qui étoit une des moins grandes de l'Italie, sont encore assez beaux, le luxe des anciens avoit presque toujours pour but un objet d'intérêt public ; leurs maisons particulières sont très petites et l'on n'y voit point la recherche de la magnificence, mais un goût vif pour les beaux arts s'y fait remarquer. Presque tout l'intérieur étoit orné de peintures les plus agréables, et de pavés de mosaïque artistement travaillés. Il y a beaucoup de ses pavés sur lesquels on trouve écrit *Salve* (salut). Ce mot est placé sur le seuil de la porte, ce n'étoit pas sûrement une simple politesse que ce salut, mais une invitation à l'hospitalité.—*Corinne, ou l'Italie, par Madame La Baronne De Staël*, tom. ii. p. 27.

NOTE *b*, p. 24.

"No sleep like this did Orloff's pillow crown."

To the assistance of the three Orloffs did Catherine owe the success of that conspiracy which seated her on the throne of Russia; and to reward them for the dark acts of their treachery, she heaped upon them unbounded wealth and favours. The life, however, of Prince Orloff (like the lives of many other actors in that tragic scene) terminated in a tremendous manner: "he appeared at Court for some time," says Tooke, in his *Life of Catherine*, "a sad spectacle of insanity; at one moment he delivered himself up to an extravagant gaiety, which made the courtiers laugh; then, bursting out into reproaches against the Empress, he struck terror and amazement into all that heard him, and plunged the monarch herself into the bitterness of grief. At length, he was forced to retire to Moscow. There his remorse revived with tenfold fury; the bleeding shade of Peter the Third pursued him into every retreat, haunted his affrighted mind by day, and scared him in the visions of the night: he beheld it incessantly aiming an avenging dart at him, and he expired in the agonies of despair."

NOTE *c*, p. 27.

"O'er Dante's birth the morning vision smiled."

See D'Israeli's "*Curiosities of Literature*," for a remarkable dream which the mother of the poet had previous

to his birth, filled with glorious anticipations of the destiny of her expected offspring.

NOTE *d*, p. 28.

“Bard of Jerusalem! ’twas Sorrow’s spell
That gave thy lyre its first melodious swell.”

It was necessary for this unfortunate mother to separate from her son, who was called to Rome by his father, for the purpose of education. The horrors of this parting from a mother whom he never beheld again, and who had been endeared to him by misfortunes, seems to have made a deep impression upon the youthful mind of Tasso. It is impossible to read, without strong emotions of sympathy, the following verses, in which, amongst others bewailing the calamities of his life, he pathetically refers to this mournful event :—

“Me dal sen della madre empia fortuna
Pargoletto divelse ; ah di que’ baci
Ch’ella bagnò di lagrime dolenti
Con sospir mi rimembra, e degli ardenti
Pregghi che sen portan l’aure fugaci
Ch’io non dovea giunger più volto a volto
Fra quelle braccia accolto
Con nodi così stretti e sì tenaci
Lasso e segui con mal sicure piante
Qual’ Ascanio O Camilla il Padre errante.

See Black’s Life of Tasso, vol. i. p. 31.

NOTE *e*, p. 28.

“Ossa Tassoni.”

The simple inscription still seen in the church of St. Onorifica, where, under a flat stone, lie the remains of the immortal poet.

NOTE *f*, p. 29.

“Ah! to the imperial dome of Sweden turn.”

On the 16th of March, 1792, Gustavus III. King of Sweden, was assassinated at Stockholm, by Captain Ankerstroun, at a masquerade.

All the science of the surgeons had been exerted in vain to extract the iron nails that were known to have entered the body, while the agony their efforts occasioned was as dreadful as any studied tortures. On the morning of the 28th, mortification presented itself in its most alarming form. The Chamberlain Bengetstgerna communicated to the royal sufferer the hopelessness of his cure. For the first time the King was seen to weep bitterly. He reproached himself for his ill spent life. He feelingly lamented the errors that had marked his reign. His wandering mind recurred to the events of his early life, ere vice had made a lodgment in his bosom; and it brought his illustrious mother so forcibly to his recollection, that he addressed her as if she had been living: “Ah, Madam!” said he, “if I had followed your excellent counsel, I might have

avoided this dreadful death." Then he named a list of minions, whose baseness he execrated and deplored; but chiefly Armfelt, whom he also addressed as if he were present, saying, "Begone from my presence, thou vile parasite! From thy polluted example I learnt nothing but wickedness; and this is the end to which it has brought me!" The tears of Duke Charles mingled with the King's, as he affectionately kissed the forehead of his dying brother.... General Baron Armfelt desired a moment's audience. When the well known name was quietly announced, the King exclaimed, "Armfelt! What does he want more of me? God grant I had never seen him! Tell him his dying king admonishes him to repent. But, say that I forgive him, and hope to be forgiven. The Chamberlain delivered the unwelcome message; and as Armfelt heard it, the cheeks of the haughty minion assumed a deadly paleness. "The King is delirious," said he, "or I am imposed upon. I insist on entering by virtue of my office." "Pardon me," said the Chamberlain, "the Duke Charles is now sole regent; I must take his royal highness's commands." This was decisive.—*Brown's Northern Court.*

NOTE *g*, p. 40.

"Oh! thou soft name!—through every varying clime
To infancy the pleasure-pealing chime."

This word is said to be found for the compellation of

mother in all languages, and is therefore supposed to be the first syllables that a child pronounces.—See *Johnson's Dictionary*.

NOTE *h*, p. 40.

“ E’en savage nations thy wide influence own,
And lend the stranger Love’s delicious tone.”

Mr. Mariner, in his accounts of the Tonga Islands, by J. Martin, M.D., mentions a custom of giving to a child a foster-mother, to stand in the place of that tender relative. The king asked Mr. Mariner if he had a mother living; upon his replying in the affirmative, he appeared much grieved that he should be so far separated from her. He then appointed one of his wives, Mafi Habe, to be Mr. M.’s adopted mother. This woman had afterwards as much real esteem and parental affection for him, as she could possibly have for her own son.

NOTE *i*, p. 41.

“ Then still for her that sacred title spare.”

D’Israeli, in his *History of Men of Genius*, adopts the word “father-land,” and adds, “an expressive term, which

I adopted from the Dutch language, some years past, and which I have since seen sanctioned by the pens of Lord Byron and of Mr. Southey." Will that author, whose elegant researches have been consecrated to maternal virtues, and whose pen has illustrated the mother's sacred influence, deprive her of a term so powerfully associated with all the tenderer feelings of her heart as *mother-country*? O, no! let him rather vindicate, with all the energy of his own beautiful language—with all the acuteness of his own forcible reasoning—*her* sacred and unquestionable right to the terms I have ventured to implore, *mother-country* and *mother-tongue*.

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NOTE *k*, p. 56.

"O, Partial Tenderness! deplored too late."

The errors of false indulgence are nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in the story of Zelucco, by Dr. Moore.

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NOTE *l*, p. 57.

"Not such the guardian of that artist's youth."

It is mentioned in the life of West, that his genius early developed itself; and that when a schoolboy, in order to

gratify his passion, he absented himself from school. His mother, after many vain inquiries, found that he had concealed himself in an upper room, and, ignorant of his employments, hastened in pursuit of him, with a determination to correct his idle habit ; but on discovering the wonderful effort of his youthful pencil, she was so surprised and delighted, that she pressed him to her breast, exulting in the early display of his extraordinary talent. This moment West afterwards declared to have been the happiest of his life, and *that* kiss to have decided the application of his talents to the aims which terminated in so successful and brilliant a career.

NOTE *m*, p. 57.

“ So he, whose magic touch awoke the strain.”

Haydn, the father of modern instrumental music, was born at Rohrau, a village fifteen leagues from Vienna, in 1732. His father was sexton of the village, and had a fine tenor voice. A little domestic concert was performed every Sabbath evening by the parents and child, when, with a rude instrument, he accompanied his mother's voice. Haydn, loaded with years and glory, has often recalled, in my presence, the simple airs which she sang ; so deep an impression had these first melodies made on his soul, which was all music !—*Lives of Haydn and Mozart.*

NOTE *u*, p. 58.

“And, Oh! when on Corunna’s sanguine plain.”

Colonel Anderson thus describes the death of that brave soldier, and excellent man, General Sir J. Moore:—“After some time, he seemed anxious to speak to us, and at intervals got out as follows: ‘Anderson! You know I always wished to die in this way.’ He then asked, ‘Were the French beaten? I hope the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice. Anderson! you will see my friends as soon as you can: tell them every thing. Say to my mother—’ Here his voice quite failed, and he was excessively agitated. At the thought of his mother, the heart of this brave and excellent son gave way—a heart which no danger, not even his present situation, could shake, till the thought of his mother, and what she would suffer, came across his mind.”

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NOTE *o*, p. 60.

“To the lone exile her fond memory came.”

“The emperor felt better. I had been speaking to him about Rome, and all his recollections had centered in his mother; he recalled her affection, the tender care she had bestowed on him; and, suddenly stopping, ‘You are



much attached to me, Doctor,—you care not for contrarieties, pain, or fatigue, when you can relieve my sufferings. Yet all this is not maternal solicitude. Ah, mamma, Letizia!’ In saying this he hid his face.”—*Antomarchi’s Life of Napoleon*.

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NOTE *p*, p. 61.

“ When Smollet came from India’s sunny shore.”

On his arrival, Dr. Moore informs us, he was introduced to his mother as a gentleman from the West Indies who was acquainted with her son. He endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance ; but while his mother’s eyes were rivetted on his face, he could not refrain from smiling. She immediately sprang from her chair, and, throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, “ Ah, my son ! my son ! I have found you at last.” She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his grave looks, he might have escaped detection ; “ but your own roguish smile betrayed you at once.”—*Life of Smollet, by Dr. Anderson*.

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NOTE *q*, p. 62.

“ Matilda came, degraded from her throne.”

The unfortunate Matilda, Queen of Denmark, and sister to George III., was confined in the Castle of Zell. The particulars of that eventful night on which, in the



twenty-second year of her age, she was dethroned and imprisoned, is thus narrated by Wraxall. The anecdote that I have related may be found in *Brown's Northern Courts*.

“ But the most dangerous and important act of the enterprise still remained to perform,—that of arresting the Queen Matilda. After retiring from the ball, she continued some time in her own room, before she went to bed, occupied in suckling her little daughter, who was still at the breast. Struensee's chamber being situated directly under the Queen's, the noise made by Koller Banner in seizing his person, was indistinctly heard by her Majesty. She by no means, however, attributed it to the real cause; on the contrary, imagining that the disturbance was occasioned by the company which, as she knew, was to meet in the apartment of Madame d'Ostein, and which party, she concluded, had been transferred to Struensee's, she ordered one of her women to go down, and to request them to be less intemperate in their mirth, as they would otherwise prevent her from taking any repose.

“ The woman did not return : the noise ceased ; and the Queen, having soon retired to rest, fell into a profound sleep. It was about five o'clock in the morning when she was awakened by a Danish female attendant, who always lay in the adjoining room. Holding a candle in one hand, she held out a paper to the Queen in the other, which, with marks of agitation, she requested of her Majesty to peruse. It contained a request, rather than an



order, couched in very concise, but very respectful terms, stating, that 'the King of Denmark, for reasons of a private nature, wished her to remove to one of the royal palaces in the country for a few days.' The Queen, in her first surprise, had imagined that the note, which she saw in her woman's hand, came from the Baron de Bulow, her master of the horse; and that its purport was to inquire whether it was her pleasure to hunt on that day. But no sooner had she cast her eye over the paper, and read its contents, with the royal signature annexed, than she instantly comprehended the nature and extent of her misfortune. Conscious that if she could only gain access to the King, she could, in a moment, overturn the plans of her enemies, she sprang out of bed, and without waiting to put on any thing except a petticoat and shoes, she rushed into the ante-chamber. There the first object which she met was Count Rantzan, seated quietly in a chair. Recollecting then her dishevelled state, she cried out, '*Eloignez vous, Monsieur le Comte, car je ne suis pas presentable.*' She immediately ran back into her chamber, and hastily threw on some clothes, assisted by her women. On attempting a second time to leave her room, she found that Rantzan had withdrawn himself, but had stationed an officer in the doorway, who opposed her further passage. Rendered almost frantic by this insult, added to her distress, she seized him by the hair, demanding to see Count Struensee, or the King. 'Madam,' said he, 'I only do my duty, and obey my orders. There is no Count Struensee now, nor can your Majesty



see the King.' Having pushed him aside, she advanced to the door of the ante-chamber, where two soldiers had crossed their firelocks, in order to stop her progress. The Queen commanded them to let her pass, and added promises of reward if they obeyed. Both the soldiers fell on their knees, and one of them said, in Danish, 'It is a sad duty; but we must perform it. Our heads are answerable if we allow your Majesty to pass.' As no one, however, dared to lay hands upon the Queen, she stepped over the muskets which were crossed, and ran, half wild, along the corridor to the King's apartment. She even forced her way into it by violence; but her enemies, aware that she might try to gain admittance, and justly apprehensive of her influence over him, had taken the precaution of removing him betimes to another part of the palace. Exhausted by the agitation of her mind, and by such exertions of body, the Queen attempted no further resistance. She returned to her own chamber, where she was aided to dress herself, and informed that she must instantly quit Copenhagen. Rantzan had the insolence to say to her, alluding to his gouty feet, '*Vous voyez, Madame, que mes pieds me manquent; mais mes bras sont libres, et j'en offre un à votre Majesté, pour l'aider à monter en voiture.*' She was then put into a coach which waited for her at the door near the chapel of the palace."



## NOTE r, p. 63.

“ No dangers can that constant love appal.”

In the life of Cervantes, it is related that when a captive at Algiers—“ Sa mère, veuve et pauvre, vendit tout ce qui lui restoit, et courut à Madrid porter trois cents ducats aux pères de la Trinité, chargés de la redemption des captifs ; cet argent, qui faisait tout le bien de la veuve, étoit loin de suffire. Le Roi Azan vouloit cinq cents écus d’or ; les Trinitaires touchés de compassion complétèrent la somme, et Cervantes fut racheté le 19 Septembre, 1580, après un esclavage de cinq ans.”

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## NOTE s, p. 67.

“ When barbarous enemies to Naumbourg came.”

La plupart des pièces de Kotzebue renferment quelques situations d’une grande beauté dit Madame de Stael. Dans les Hussites, lorsque Procope, successeur de Zeuka, met le siège devant Naumbourg, les magistrats prennent la resolution d’envoyer tous les enfans de la ville au camp ennemi, pour demander la grace des habitans, ces pauvres enfans doivent aller seul implorer les fanatiques soldats, qui n’épargnoient ni le sexe, ni l’age. Le bourgmestre offre le premier ses quatres fils, dont le plus agé a douze ans, pour cette expedition périlleuse ; la mère demande qu’au moins il y epait un qui reste auprès d’elle ? le père



a l'air d'y consentir, et il se met a rappeler successivement les défauts de chacun de ses enfans, afin que la mère déclare qu'ils sont ceux qui lui inspirent le moins d'interet. Chaque fois qu'il commence à blamer un, la mère assure que c'est celui de tous qu'elle préfère; et l'infortunée est enfin obligé de convenir que le cruel choix est impossible.—*De l'Allemagne.*

I have ventured to change the sentiment in my sketch.

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NOTE t, p. 72.

“ O, Catherine! when thy guilt would borrow charms.”

When Catherine, on the awful night of the conspiracy, reached the Iffmailofsky guards, she told them, in a tremulous voice, that the Czar had intended to put her to death that very night with her son. All who heard her, and saw the babe, swore to die in her defence.—*See Tooke's Russia.*

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NOTE u, p. 72.

“ Vienna's Empress raised her infant son.”

“ While the Hungarian Diet,” said Count K., “ which had been convoked at Presburg, was occupied in preparing



for the defence of the Queen, we received a message from her Majesty, summoning us to attend her at the Castle. When we were met in the great hall, the Queen entered. She was in deep mourning. A silence of some moments ensued, her Majesty being incapacitated by her distress from uttering a single word. During this time her infant son was brought in by the first lady of the bed chamber, and laid on a cushion before her. With an action more eloquent than any oration, she took him in her arms, held him up to the assembly, and while sobs interrupted her voice, she addressed the Diet in Latin, which she speaks and understands perfectly. When she came to the words ‘The kingdom of Hungary, our person, our offspring, and our crown, are all at stake;—abandoned by all, we fly to the fidelity, the arms, and the pristine virtues of the famous Hungarian States,’ we all, as if animated by one soul, drew our sabres, exclaiming, ‘Our lives and our blood for your Majesty!’ We wept, as did the Queen.”

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## NOTE x, p. 74.

———"see that little band  
Survey the gilded poems in her hand."

Alfred the Great being one day, with his three brothers, in company with the Queen mother, when in his twelfth year, was attracted by some Saxon poems, beautifully illuminated, which she held in her hand, upon which the Queen said, "I will make this book a present to him who shall read it soonest." Alfred upon this applied himself with such ardour, that he both read and repeated it to the Queen very soon.—*Henry's History of Great Britain.*

## NOTE y, p. 76.

"He owned, in buoyant youth's unguarded hour,  
Her sacred precepts the protecting power."

"Agricola," says Tacitus, "was educated with tenderness by his mother Julia, and passed his childhood and youth in the attainment of every liberal art. He was preserved by her care from the allurements of vice, and he said that in his youth he should have engaged with too much eagerness in philosophical pursuits, had not the prudence of his mother restrained his speculations, and her wisdom allured him to all that was great and good."—*Translations of Tacitus' Life of Agricola.*



## NOTE z, p. 77.

See *Lettres Romaines* for description of the Roman ladies' jewellery.

## NOTE aa, p. 79.

" Grasping the bolted thunder as it rose."

Les troupes marchent sous une même ensiegne. C'est une aigle d'argent ; elle a les ailes étendues, et tient la foudre entre ses serres ; la garde en est confiée au premier Centurion des Triaires.—*Lettres Romaines par le Baron A. de Thois.*

## NOTE bb, p. 80.

" Whose ray consumed, ere the hot bolt of war  
Shot its red vengeance from the flaming car."

In the war between the Samnites and the Romans, the former said they were consumed by the fire-darting eyes of the Romans.



## NOTE cc, p. 81.

“ See! by the Appian way, where valour sleeps.”

The Appian way was adorned by the tombs of the first Roman families.

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## NOTE dd, p. 81.

“ She gives the glittering bulla its fond charm.”

“ Les fils des sénateurs et des nobles portent un globe d’or suspendu à leur cou que l’on nomme Bulla. La Bulla s’ouvre à volonté et l’on a coutume d’y mettre des préservatifs contre les malefices. Quelquefois on lui donne la forme d’un cœur emblème du courage.”—*Lettres Romaines*.

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## NOTE ee, p. 83.

“ So did the Romans fix the anxious eye,  
And gaze on Phrygia’s proud divinity.”

“ Cybele, a divinity, said to be the mother of the gods, was worshipped at Pessinus, in Phrygia, under the figure of a rude stone, which was reported to have fallen from heaven on Mount Ida. The Sybilline oracles being consulted on account of several prodigies which alarmed the



republic in the year of Rome 549, the persons appointed to inspect the prophecies declared that great advantages would accrue to the commonwealth if this image could be brought to Rome. A solemn embassy was appointed for this purpose, and the statue (if a shapeless stone can be so called) was accordingly obtained."—*Essays on Old Age* by M. T. Cicero ; translated by W. Melmoth, Esq.



## TO MY MOTHER,

WITH MY MS. POEM OF "MATERNAL SKETCHES."

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My Mother, in a song so rude as this  
May I the lustre of thy virtues tell,  
And turn from themes of pure maternal bliss,  
To the fond thoughts that with thy memory dwell?  
O! may I speak how much thou dost excel  
Indulging fond affection's tender claim,  
And pour the thoughts that in my bosom swell  
At the sweet sound of that most honoured name?



Ah! no: 'tis meet I check them as they rise,  
Surpassing frail expression's fettered bound :  
Silent are Nature's tenderest sympathies ;  
The deepest bosomed springs emit no sound,—  
Still welling from its source the water steals :  
*Such* is the love my grateful spirit feels.

E. R.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.







## TO A BROTHER,

ON THE DELAY IN HIS RETURN FROM INDIA.



O ! Where art thou, Wanderer? The blossoms of

May

Have sprinkled the hedges with bloom,

And the apple tree sheds her pink mantle to-day,

And the cowslip has breathed her perfume.

The bird that should welcome thy coming, has trilled

Again and again her sweet song ;

For thee the fair snowflake her balmy cup filled,

But she drooped at thine absence so long.



The leveret has limped o'er the young bladed grass,  
 And the squirrel, in spring's airy mood,  
 Is sprinkling the leaves on the deer as they pass  
 Through the deep tangled paths of the wood.

The moon has appeared—and again and again  
 Has bathed her fair brow in the stream ;  
 And now of thy absence she seems to complain,  
 And the cheek of her beauty is dim.

The skylark has brushed from the cornflower the dew,  
 Which spangled in light as it fell :  
 Birds, blossoms, and flowrets, all tell me of you,  
 As the summer breeze wafts their farewell.

Does interest detain thee on that sunny shore ?  
 Has Pleasure her garland entwined ?  
 O ! no ; for, enriched with Affection's pure ore,  
 These never could shackle thy mind.



Then come to the scenes of thy father's loved home,  
By Affection and Friendship once crowned !  
Then come ! and, O ! tell us no longer thou'lt roam,  
And the bright cup of bliss shall go round.



## SONNET

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE POEM ENTITLED  
“PLEASURES OF HOPE.”

---

O ! thou whose full-toned harp commands our land,  
With all the spell of music's heavenly power,  
As if the seraph Hope, at thy command,  
Had poured the numbers of her native bower,  
Called from the spheres her melody of tone,  
To charm the troubled spirit's pain and thrall,  
Brought the sweet visions of a land unknown,  
And wrought the pictures, at thy master call,



To grace Humanity's abode, and fling  
A richer colouring o'er her shadowy way,  
And lend her stillest thoughts a seraph's wing,  
And give her loneliest hours an angel's lay ;  
Love, Friendship, Virtue, own thy mighty spell,  
Waked by the dulcet music of thy shell.



## A CAMP SCENE.

*[When EDWARD I. was stabbed by an Assassin in the Holy Land, it is reported that his life was saved by the affection of his amiable Queen Ellenor, who drew the poison with her own lips from the wound.]*

---

THE poisoned wound spreads wide,  
 And nought can stop its power ;  
 It has infected life's pure tide,  
 And wasted manhood's flower.

Useless the means of art  
 To soothe the monarch's pain ;  
 For the assassin's poisoned dart  
 Has made each effort vain.



The fever burns his cheek,  
 And anguish writhes his brow;  
 He looks, but cannot speak  
 His thoughts or wishes now.

And *there* beside him bends,  
 In speechless, calm distress,  
 The dearest and the best of friends,  
 In utter hopelessness :

Sharer in all the toil  
 That camps and battles know,  
 The sweetner of his kingly moil,  
 The solace of his woe :

The lyre—whose tones at will  
 Could ever cheer his breast ;  
 The pillow—where, for every ill,  
 His heart has found a rest.



Off from her raven hair

The coronal is thrown,

And the deep feeling of despair

By her pale brow is shewn.

Yet meekness triumphs still

Upon that patient cheek,

Where tears are struggling hard with will,

Her agony to speak.

*His* eye still follows her,

Though dimmed its shadowy light,

A blessed form, his Ellenor,

Moves in his dying sight.

Silent they gazed around,

For nought remained to do,

When, from that deep and festering wound,

*Her* lips the venom drew.



Again she pressed the part  
 All loathsome to the sight,  
 And smiled, as if her faithful heart  
 Would prove the healing light.

For cheaply she had thought  
 That precious life restored,  
 If her own sufferings could have bought  
 The healing of her lord.

She kissed his hollow cheek ;  
 She cooled his palm of flame ;  
 She read his thoughts ere he could speak  
 A wish, or breathe a name.

O ! let proud Victory wear  
 The lustre streaming gem ;  
 But crown the brow of pain and care  
 With Love's fair diadem.



DESTRUCTION  
OF THE  
PICTURE GALLERY OF HOPE,  
BY DISAPPOINTMENT.

---

THE diamond drops of morn hung in the flow'r,  
And caught the sunlight of her roseate ray,  
When, to the path of Hope's enchanting bow'r,  
The wizard Disappointment found his way;  
There, wrapt in sleep, the lovely owner lay,  
Her cheek like damask rose on mountain's snow.  
O'er her fair temples the light tresses play,  
And partial shadow to that arch bestow,  
As the cool zephyr fans light slumbers glow,



And there her pencils and her palette lay,  
 And the dear relics of her much loved art ;  
 Some in their native strength of colouring gay,  
 And some sweet sketches transport to impart,  
 And touch the tenderest feelings of the heart ;  
 They were so light, so spirited, so free,  
 From the dark canvass forth they seemed to start  
 In all the beauty of variety,  
 Touched with the grace and glow of purest harmony.

There was a stripling :—in his eyes' blue light  
 A golden beam of honour seemed to play,  
 A soldier's plume adorned his helmet bright,  
 That lightly danced across the silvery ray ;  
 His proud arm in its infant might would sway,  
 Dashing oppression, tyranny, and wrong,  
 And firm through fighting thousands cut its way,  
 Triumphant still amidst the clashing throng,  
 And Beauty's fav'ring smile should crown the con-  
 queror's song.



But Disappointment drew his sombre quill,  
 Reversed the picture,—and how altered then!  
 Was it the same young form of valour still,  
 That wounded ensign, heaped with dying men?  
 This the young warrior! These his valiant train,  
 In the light nameless skirmish overthrown,  
 And with the venal herd ignobly slain,  
 When his proud step measured in peace a throne,  
 His glance a favour! must he lie unburied and unknown?

The next was a young mother, and a queen;  
 Two infant slumberers rested on her knee;  
 Her lips were pressed to their sweet brows serene,  
 Her eyes were moist with thoughts of ecstasy;  
 And all the pomp and glare of majesty,  
 Its loftiest grandeur pass'd before her eyes;  
 Its mightiest shows of state and pageantry,  
 Reserved for them, the valiant, and the wise;  
 But, on this piece the heavy dust of ages lies.



And, O! what means that form gigantic there,  
 Rolling at midnight hour the pond'rous stone  
 To the dark footstep of the narrow stair,<sup>a</sup>  
 By dusky torchlight, silent, and alone?  
 What is that little heap all careless thrown?  
 But, look! he turns the drapery aside.  
 Poor mother! are these murdered babes thy own?  
 Severe has been the pang with which they died,  
 Though calm in death they slumber side by side.

A young and noble bride appeared,—her eye  
 Beamed with the tender confidence of love,  
 A rainbow pathway arched her destiny,  
 But nothing could her silent bliss improve;  
 And though a vacant throne did hang above,  
 'Twas only that, o'ercanopied in state,  
 He whom her fond heart prized might glorious move,  
 The most admired amidst the good and great,  
 And she might witness all, the happy partner of his fate.



But, who is that stern wretch giving command  
 To seize the gentle captive, and to bind,  
 With iron chains to gall the tender hand  
 So lately to his confidence consigned ? <sup>b</sup>  
 She clasps his knees, some late remorse to find.  
 Glued in the frantic grasp of cold despair,  
 His mightier strength, a little space resigned,  
 Falters ; till, withered by his ruffian glare,  
 She sinks :—there is no need of sharper weapon there.

The next an emperor seemed,—his throne of state  
 Hung with imperial purple ; an array  
 Of power and grandeur on his presence wait ;  
 Wisdom and genius bow beneath his sway,  
 And kings and princes flatter and obey ;—  
 Created by his breath they rise and fall,  
 With power supreme he gives and takes away,  
 Accountable to none, and lord of all,  
 Yet must he know at last the depth of misery's fall.



For here reversed was seen ambition's end,—  
 A figure ghastly, dull, emaciate;  
 At the lone hour when nature needs a friend  
 To breathe her cares to, lone and desolate,  
 Childless; the father of a king so late,  
 Whose weary ear might, in its pause of pain,  
 Meet only the dull step in march of state,  
 Pacing the drear apartment o'er again,  
 And whose deserted home mocked the imperial reign.

Again appeared a queen, and mother too,  
 And matron dignity dwelt on her mien;—  
 Virtue! how may we bring thee best to view,  
 In every thought, in every action seen?  
 Thy beauteous garb befits full well a queen,  
 And ne'er didst thou a lovelier form array;—  
 In the Imperial Gardens of Berlin,  
 Surrounded by her sportive boys at play,  
 With her loved lord she walked, at parting day.



Untired, the Fiend his busy task pursued :  
 'That lord bends o'er her in the dying hour ;  
 In life's young morn, with every grace endued,  
 She perished—Prussia's royal, fairest flower ;  
 The canker-worm of care crept to the bower,  
 And the sweet tints of verdure disappear,  
 Misfortune's clouds discharged their heavy shower.  
 O, Magdeburg ! thou wast to her most dear,  
 And with her lord and babes didst share her latest tear.

There rushed a monarch ;<sup>c</sup> the young eagle's ken,  
 When to the palace of the sun she soars,  
 High o'er the proudest capitals of men,  
 And the bright realm of light and heat explores,  
 Portrayed the man, whom reckless pride adores ;  
 Upon his temple's fair expanse there played  
 The light that from her urn ambition pours—  
 The hope, that never knew one flitting shade ;  
 Grandeur upon its noble base of courage stayed.



Then in a moment, swift as lightning's glare,  
 The ball-room shines in gorgeous colouring,  
 And Houri forms, and splendid masquers, there,  
 In wild amazement, view a murdered king.  
 He falls ! he faints ! some timely succour bring !  
 See ! as that splendid gallery they turn,  
 The litter halts, and the broad torches fling  
 A glare, in which his features you discern.  
 He speaks—"O Armfelt, I have life's great lesson yet  
                   to learn !"

Then rose a princess, and a wife ; and she  
 Had hung the cradle of her promised child  
 With light-winged dreams of rare felicity ;  
 And sportive pleasures dropt their flowers, and smiled  
 O'er the light bed of infant beauty mild ;  
 And many a pearly wreath maternal bliss,  
 In fondness weaving, the long hours beguiled—  
 The promised years of infancy, the kiss,  
 And life's sweet avenue of rich perspective happiness.



But there was one opposed to this soft scene,  
A lofty chamber, and a bridal bed,  
Fair raiment, fitted for a mother queen,  
And baby robes, in beauteous order spread.  
But the loved idols of this scene are dead ;  
In deep, in marble stillness, there they sleep !  
The mother and her babe are vanished !  
Just when fond love his festival would keep  
Throughout the lonely vigil, he shall watch and weep.

Scarcely had Disappointment traced the scene  
Ere Hope awakened from her balmy rest ;  
Pale terror darkened her sweet brow serene,  
When, starting, she beheld her demon guest ;  
She clasped her hands, in frantic woe distrest,  
When first she saw the spoils of that cold foe ;  
Her heart, with bursting agony opprest,  
'Turned from the treacherous fiend who dealt the blow,  
And bitterly dissolved in silent, unavailing woe.



But Time, who had beheld the deed, drew near,  
And lenient Pity lent her gentle aid,  
And Friendship wiped from her blue eyes the tear,  
And soft Oblivion drew her curtain shade  
Over the wreck by Disappointment made ;  
And the sweet glow again adorned her face,  
And round her lips the banished dimples played,  
Like summer flowers, revived with added grace,  
When passing showers to sunbeams yield their place.



## JOSEPH'S RECEPTION OF HIS BRETHREN

AT THE COURT OF PHARAOH.

~~~~~

Then he thought of all his woes,
Imprisonment, wrongs, and ill ;
And he looked on his pale and abject foes,
But they were his brothers *still*.

To hide the thoughts that rise,
He feigns reproach and scorn :
“Nay ! ye are come to the land as spies ;
We refuse to give you corn.”

But famine sat on each brow,
And witnessed the solemn truth ;
And there were some, enfeebled now,
He had left in the pride of youth.

Then conscience smote each breast,—

The weeping child—the cave,

Where they stripped his fair and coloured vest,

And sold him, a suppliant slave.

To each other they spoke aloud

Of that dark and treacherous deed,

For they deemed not one in that courtly crowd

Would the voice of the stranger heed.

And on them his brow was turned,

And its awful sternness kept,

Till o'er the past fond mem'ry yearned,

And back he leaned, and wept.

“O, Benjamin ! thou dear,

Thou fair, thou noble boy—

Son of my mother ! wert thou here,

This heart would break with joy.

"What are the power and gain
 This golden land can yield,
 Compared to Canaan's beauteous plain,
 And that small tented field ?

"Ye glittering bonds and toys,
 Homage and power, farewell !
 I pine for those far dearer joys
 That with my kindred dwell."

So in that awful hour
 Did nature proudly rise,
 And turn from rank, and wealth, and power,
 To her first sympathies.

SONG.



O ! thou art dear, my own sweet land,
Thy woods, thy grassy vales ;
Thy sapphire ocean, where expand
The snowy pinioned sails.

I love thy verdant scenery ;
I love thy ocean's foam :
O ! thou art very dear to me,
My own sweet island home.

Soft are thy shadowy haunts of green ;
 Beauteous thy rocky strand :
 I languish in a gayer scene
 For thee—my native land.

Yes, loftier hills may rise,
 While from thy shores I roam ;
 But still my tenderest sympathies
 Are bound to thee—my home.

And, O ! that thrilling name to meet,
 In other lands unknown ;
 That name, so musically sweet,
 Which makes one spot my own.

My own ! my own ! the claims that start
 Around that humble dome,
 That link this fond devoted heart
 To thee—my own sweet home !

DAVID'S LAMENT

FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.



O ! Israel ! thy beauty from high is cast down,
And the Philistine army has trampled thy crown ;
Ah ! let not the children of Askelon know ;
Nor the cold-hearted spoiler rejoice o'er his foe.
Ye mountains ! no more shall the herbs on your breast
With the dews of the evening in fragrance be drest ;
No rain shall revive where the sun has consumed,
For the shield of the mighty with you is entombed.
Did Jonathan's bow ever cease from its toil,
When the mighty endeavoured to make it their spoil ?

When drunk was that sword with the blood of the slain,
Did Saul in his weariness sheath it again ?

No ! stronger than lions they stood on the height ;
Like eagles they fell as they soared in their might.

O ! lovely in life, and in friendship most dear,
Together they sleep on the warrior's red bier.

Ye daughters of Judah, weep over the slain ;

Ah ! who in your desolate kingdom shall reign ?

Its power, and its might, and its beauty are fled ;

The shade has entombed it, that darkens the dead :

The weapons of warfare were blunt when they fell :

Ye souls of the noble and valiant, farewell !

O Jonathan ! dear was thy friendship to me ;

And this desolate bosom thy loss must bewail.

My brother ! my brother ! no more shall I see

Thy banner of victory borne on the gale.

SONNET

TO MY BELOVED BROTHER, WRITTEN ON THE ROAD
TO TUNBRIDGE, 14TH SEPT.

I THOUGHT of thee, where the sweet prospect steals
In living beauty on the raptured view ;
Where many a vale its tender charms reveals,
And hill peeps forth in its ethereal blue ;—
I thought of thee, where trembling hare bells lay
Thick on their mossy couch of velvet green ;—
I thought of thee, where, glittering far away,
Some richer vista gleamed of brighter green ;

So tender thought thy memory intertwined
With all that fairest shone in Nature's book ;
So fond Affection, lingering, turned behind,
And gave to Friendship her last parting look.
Fresh charms may rise, and lovelier scenes appear,
Yet thy sweet home shall Memory hold most dear.

TO A BELOVED BROTHER

ON THE DELAY IN HIS RETURN FROM INDIA.



O! come with me ! come to the land of thy birth,
Where the oak of past ages o'ershadows the earth ;
Where the tall cliffs, like chieftains, encircle the strand,
And the light silver spray guards thy own happy land;
Where the verdure shines green on the hoar mountain's
breast,

And every sweet vale looks a home for the blest ;
Where the varying seasons so beauteous appear,
That the last seems the loveliest change in the year ;

Where the pennon of liberty waves in the breeze,
And the spirit of freedom sails over the seas.
O ! come with me ! come to thy own native isle,
Where the face of creation is decked with a smile !
I know that the sun on that far southern shore
Be-gems with her radiance earth's beautiful floor ;
I know to the wing of the bird she has given
The colours that play in the sunrobe of even ;
That the lonely ravine in the dark mountain's breast,
With blossoms the fairest and sweetest is dressed ;
That the music of Drakenstien's waters is sweet,
As in spangles it falls from that lofty retreat ;
That through the dark mountain pass, savage and rude,
Where nature looks up in her vast solitude,
Sweet Stellenbosch bursts on the traveller's sight,
Like morn when she breaks from the bosom of night ;
The chase too may charm thee, where, roaring away,
The elephant falls to the huntsman a prey ;

Strides over the forest in grandeur and strength,
Till, baffled, he sinks before numbers at length.
Are these the enchantments that bind to that shore?
Or, do wrong and oppression thy succour implore?
Ah! then shall affection thy presence forego,
Till pleasure illumine the pale visage of woe.

THE TOMB OF GENIUS.



In a remote and glorious sphere,
An infant form of beauty smiled,
His eye unsullied by a tear,
And proud the aspect of that child.

While sporting in the upper air,
Upborne upon his glittering wings,
He said, "I see a world more fair,
A sphere enriched with nobler things."

And then he breathed his ardent prayer,

“O, send me to that distant clime,

I long to breathe its purer air,

I long to tread its scenes sublime.”

The tear was quick in Wisdom's eye;

“My child,” she said, “thou must not go;

The distant world thou dost espy,

Is one of shadow and of woe.

“Its light, the light of borrowed sphere;

Its fairest forms delusive stand;

Its music would but wound thy ear,

For sorrow's harp commands that land.”

Yet still he urged, “O, let me go!

I'm sure it is some scene of bliss;

I saw it girdled by a bow,

And longed to plunge the dim abyss.”

In vain did Wisdom urge his stay,
Genius prepared his wings for flight,
And on the morning's orient ray,
He vaulted from the world of light.

She watched him, till no longer seen
The light of her young cherubim,
And darkness flung a shade between,
The first that ever shadowed him!

And what we here term ages past,
(Measured by our frail being's span,)
And sorrowing Wisdom thought at last,
That he had found a home with man;

When in that clime a shade was seen,
Unlike those airy forms of light;
For Passion's trace had marked his mien,
And Sorrow's whirlwind dealt its blight.

Was this her own sweet Genius, he,
 Cradled in starry bowers on high,
 Entranced to rest by melody,
 And crown'd the fav'rite of the sky ?

Was this the seraph form, whose hand
 Wheeled the eccentric orbs around,
 Attuned the fair cherubic band,
 And led the solemn march of sound ?

Where her light visions thought had flung,
 A dark'ning mist of sorrow lay ;
 Where rapture her bright pearl had hung,
 A tear suffused the shining way.

On his pale brow her lips impressed
 Affection's purest tenderest seal ;
 And on his deeply wounded breast,
 Streamed the warm tears too late to heal

For many a dart had rankled there
 With deep immedicable wound,
 Staining that form so pure and fair,
 And spreading its cold ravage round.

“O! my poor wandering child,” she cried,
 “That world was all unfit for thee;
 To heavenly essences allied,
 Its blast destroyed thy purity.

“And must I with thy shadow part,
 And give thee to that dark cold clime,
 All fair and beauteous, as thou art,
 A victim to the monster time?”

Her voice of anguish thrilled the spheres,
 When Immortality drew nigh,
 She took him, bathed in Wisdom's tears,
 And bore him to her urn on high.

S O N G.



Just like Hope ! is yonder flower,
Flinging fragrance round the bower
In sweet Spring's enchanting hour
And Beauty's blush ;
Till Sorrow's cloud distil the shower,
And whirlwinds rush.

Just like Hope ! that wreath of snow,
Sparkling in the sunny glow,

Sparry crystals dazzle so ;
 But beneath the ray,
 Pale in water-drops below,
 It melts away.

Just like Hope! the breath of morn,
 Spangling dewdrops from the thorn,
 O'er the briar roses borne
 With pilfering wing.
 Oh ! catch it—'twill no more return,
 It dies with spring.

Just like Hope! yon rainbow's smile,
 Spanning the blue arch awhile,
 Daylight's tear-drops to beguile
 With promise fair ;
 But ere we clasps that beauteous pile,
 It fades in air.

Just like Hope ! the glittering ray
On the falling drops that play,
Diamond, emerald, hues are they,
Proud Beauty's treasure ;
But, ah ! they softly roll away,
Like dreams of pleasure.

Just like Hope ! yon beacon's light,
Flaming on the rocky height,
Through the storm of Winter's night,
Glittering afar,
Pure, tranquil, fervent, beaming bright.
Sweet Hope ! be such thy star !

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN INTERVIEW THAT TOOK
PLACE ON THE EVENING OF MAY 27TH, 1756,
BETWEEN TWO ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES.



“ O ! hasten ! hasten ! mistress dear !

Long have I watched the sign afar ;

The moon is up, the night is clear,

And yonder shines the signal star !

“ The throng can well thy presence spare,

For grief sits heavy on thy cheek :

Ah ! let not thy pale looks declare

The better thoughts thou must not speak.

“ Nay, wrap the mantle’s fold around,
 The dew from off the Thames is chill,
 The bower is bleak, and damp the ground,
 Oh ! guard thy tender frame from ill !

“ Fear not ! My skill shall surely hide
 Thy absence at this busy hour ;”
 And she is at her lover’s side,
 Where Thames reflects the grotto bower.

And who is she ?—Ah ! know’st thou not
 Lennox, the pride of court and bower ?
 And he, the lingerer in that grot,
 Of royal youth the fairest flower.

“ Oh ! G——ge ! my conscience blames me now ;
 But ’tis the last, last time we meet.”
 “ My love, by all !”——“ Ah ! hush that vow !
 Honour forbids you to repeat.

“ I come to tell you, heaven above,
 And all the dearest to us here,
 Reprove, disown, forbid our love :
 Would you destroy the bonds most dear ?

“ I know your virtues, and I know
 The sacrifice that it must cost ;
 Yet, oh ! my prince, it must be so,
 Or virtue, fame, and peace are lost.”

“ My Sarah !—can you breathe such wrong !
 So thoughtlessly dissolve the tie,
 As heaven’s eternal records strong,
 Which mingles all our destiny ?

“ I love you !—And for you I own
 The bonds of kindred I could sever,
 Part with the proudest eastern throne,
 And part with all beside for ever.”

“ Yet you would agonize my heart,
 Join with my bitterest, sharpest foe,
 Unpitying strike the deathly dart,
 And lay the hopes you’ve cherished low.

“ But I forgive you!—Some dark fiend,
 The minister of ill to me,
 Has in your voice his hatred screened:
 You best can bear my misery.”

“ O, Sarah! by the bliss we’ve known,
 By those sweet scenes of sun-light fled,
 By all the kindness you have shewn,
 By all the hopes that kindness fed—

“ I swear——Nay! hear my latest vow,
 Nor love, nor friendship will I taste;
 The crown shall bind my wretched brow,—
 The deathly crown your hands have placed.

“ But hark !—a step !—my mistress, fly !

Thy name is echoing through the hall ;

The holly-path, O hasten by !

And wind around the ivied wall.”

She hears not—to his bosom prest—

Ought, save his heart’s convulsive sob ;

She knows not that her trembling breast

Responds to his with throb for throb :

That her pale cheek with tears is dewed ;

Her hand still locked within his own.

What demon power that love subdued,

Bartered so dearly for a throne ?

Now—now she gains that festive hall,

And, all unnoticed, joins the throng ;

She weaves the mazes of the ball,

And leads the giddy dance along.

But Richmond's beauteous daughter wears

No ruby smile of soft delight ;

Her diamond coronal appears

To shade her lovely brow to-night.

Yet on she moves with zephyr grace,

Stealing amid that courtly range ;

But stay ! the heat has paled her face,

And given her beauty's bloom a change.

Poor Sarah ! round thy fading brow

A troop of eager suitors rush ;

Ah ! happily unconscious thou,

Till tears so long imprisoned gush.

Yes, there is healing in their flow ;

But screen her from the inquirer's eye ;

Let not the vain and heartless know

Her spirit's secret agony.

O ! she was worthy Richmond's line,
The good, the beautiful, the wise ;
For ne'er did Love, on Duty's shrine,
Offer more costly sacrifice !

THE ADDRESS
OF
AN AMERICAN CHIEF
TO
SOME BRITISH OFFICERS.

THINK not, noble Chieftains, I come to entreat you
The soft balm of pity to pour on my grief,
'Tis on business of state I am summoned to meet you,
Nor could your proud succour afford me relief.

Lochray had a wife !—O ! the pearl of affection
Was set in each wish, in each hope of his heart,
His joy in soft moments, his balm in dejection,
A sunbeam that forced every shade to depart.

'Twas ev'ning when late I returned to my dwelling—
 The cares and fatigues of the day were then done—
 The palm trees' long branches my hamlet concealing,
 Waved cool in the last setting rays of the sun.

To me it was lovely : its wild beauties teeming
 With charms that no art could increase or improve ;
 Beneath its rush dome was eternally beaming
 The lamp of unaltered affection and love.

I came ; and so fatal my bosom's security,
 The home of my father's looked fairer to view,
 No shadow of darkness o'erclouded its purity,
 No care in its circle of comforts I knew.

But ere I had reached it, all breathless in anguish,
 My poor frantic negroes, with gestures so wild,
 Declared, in the harshness of nature's rude language,
 "The English had murdered my wife and my child."

I tell not the bitter regrets that oppress me ;

My wife and my child are eternally gone :

When age shall enfeeble, and sickness distress me,

Who is left to console, or to cheer me ? *Not one !*

TO A BROTHER.



BE great!—be great to all beside,
But spare thy lonely thoughts for me,
Who would each lesser care divide,
That flings its dark'ning shade o'er thee.

Yes—hide thyself from others ken,
And wear the smile that worldlings wear
But, O! unmask thyself again,
When I thy lonely moments share.

For it were happiness to know

Thou hadst no cold disguise for me,

Whose heart, amidst thy joy and woe,

Beats with the tenderest sympathy.

Nay—I would rather others share

Thy festive scenes, thy brightest hours,

If o'er thy brow, when pressed by care,

My hand might wreathe affection's flowers.

THE MEMORIAL :

WRITTEN FOR A SMALL CIRCLE OF YOUNG LADIES WHO MET
MONTHLY FOR INSTRUCTION AND PLEASURE.

WE meet, and Pleasure knits the band,
And knowledge smiles, our steps inviting ;
Sisters together, hand in hand,
Thoughts, sentiments, and hearts uniting.

WE meet—nor will we count the days,
Nor talk of future separation ;
Ours is the present, and it stays,
And smiles upon the combination.

And, O ! if when short hours are gone,
 Dear is their tender recollection ;
 And hopes, and joys, and cares, when flown,
 Weave the bright net-work of reflection.

There will, perhaps, a time arrive,
 When we shall trace these moments parted ;
 And to the page of memory give
 Records of pleasure when departed.

Ah ! who can tell how soon we part,
 Or what the scenes to which we're hasting ?
 But, O ! may virtue in each heart
 Inscribe her precepts pure and lasting.

Then, though perchance by various ways,
 Through different scenes we may be guided,
 Each life an humble act of praise,
 In death we may be undivided.

H O M E .



ARE there, who, ever fond of ranging,
Still in quest of pleasure roam ;
From scene to scene for ever changing,
Unmindful of the charms of Home ?

O ! what a thousand tender pleasures,
To the wanderer quite unknown,
Lurk in the winning sphere she measures,
And grace the spot we call our own.

There the heart congenial meets you ;
There Affection's sunbeams play :
Dear domestic duties greet you
In this scene where'er you stray.

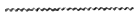
Tuned to Love's delightful measure,
 There you hear the cheerful tone ;
 And the rosy smile of Pleasure
 Makes the heart-felt welcome known.

Droops the head with pain or sorrow ?
 Sinks the heart with transient ill ?
 Where's the balm like that we borrow
 From Affection's tender skill ?

Magic circle of attraction,
 Haunt of innocent delights !
 Friendship's gentlest sphere of action,
 Where every soothing charm invites.

How I love to trace the beauties
 That rise within thy hallowed dome ;
 How I joy to meet the duties,
 The pleasurable cares of Home !

TO THE HON. MRS. HOPE.



O thou ! whose lovely character displays
The tender virtues of that name most dear—
To thee I dedicate my humble lays,
And pour my numbers on thy polished ear.
No tale with proud enchantment seeks to move,
Fraught with the glow of eastern imag'ry ;
Yet, haply, dearer to thy heart may prove
My simple song of cradle minstrelsy.
When master-spirits strike the sounding lyre,
Enchanted Nature owns the magic thrall ;

Yet simple strains may some sweet thoughts inspire,

Some pleasing visions of the past recall :

So, when the sounds of martial music cease,

Sweet through the valley breathes the pipe of peace.

TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

MRS. PRATT.

WHEN I look through the vista of past time,
And think of all the kindness thou hast shewn,
Since I first welcomed with my simple rhyme
Thy child's glad birth, to woman's stature grown.
'Twined with thy dear remembrance still I see
The loved, the lost, who felt thy friendship's pow'r;
Sweet is that page of tender thought to me,
And dear its magic in the lonely hour.
How oft through some green avenue's deep arch,
That flings its shadow on the path beneath,

Through the tall stems of slender pine and larch,

We catch a glimpse of mountain, vale, and heath,

Gleaming in azure light and golden lines :—

So the sweet landscape of thy friendship shines.

TO

I WILL not name thee in this humble page,
 Lest I might seem from that sweet bond to claim
 A share in virtues that all hearts engage,
 And seek to borrow merit from thy name ;
 But I may dwell upon thy worth unknown,
 Thy charity, enlarged, exalted free,
 That makes another's wants and woes its own,
 And pours on all its healing sympathy.
 O ! blest !—supremely blest that little sphere
 O'er which thy tender influence extends,
 So in some tranquil valley pure and clear,
 Hid by the shadowy roof that nature lends,
 Some crystal current glides along unseen,
 Giving to all around its living green.

WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF A FAMILY MEETING.



O ! LET us weave the band of love
In union, sisters and brothers ;
And the cord that shall strongest and brightest prove,
Shall more firmly encircle the others.

O ! let us weave that band so fair,
And the heart's ruby clasp shall enclose it ;
For nothing shall ever reduce or impair
The strengthening cords that compose it.

Should sickness one fibre refine,
 Or Care in her cruelty wear it,
 More firmly, more fondly, the rest shall entwine
 With lengthening cords to repair it.

O ! let us weave Love's sacred band:—
 Time in his speed may decay it ;
 But never shall Discord's cruel hand
 For a moment vex or fray it.

By Death !—in his power and might
 Shall its triple cord be broken ;
 But that it shall re-unite,
 We have one sacred token.

NOTES

TO

PICTURE GALLERY OF HOPE.

NOTE *a*, p. 125.

REFERENCE to the murder of the two young princes, sons of Edward V., by their uncle, Duke of Gloucester. They were buried at the foot of the narrow staircase in the Tower.

NOTE *b*, p. 126.

For the whole account of this unparalleled instance of cruelty and dissimulation, see *Tooke's Russia*, vol. ii. It was the unfortunate Princess Tarrakonof, who, by the authority of Catherine, thus fell a victim to the treachery of Prince A. Orloff. This unfortunate offspring of the Empress Elizabeth resided incog. at Leghorn: thither the Prince went, and, by a continued system of artifice, succeeded in captivating the affections of this interesting girl, then scarcely fourteen. Dazzled by his promises,

and proud and happy in his assurances of love, she became his wife. Every sign of respect was shewn her by all ranks. A magnificent boat, with a band of music, conducted her to the Russian fleet; but no sooner was she on board, than she was hand-cuffed. In vain she implored her cruel betrayer, whom she still called her husband, and watered his feet with her tears, she was carried into the hold, and, it is supposed, perished in prison.

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NOTE c, p. 128.

Gustavus III. of Sweden.

THE END.







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